

The GRAPHIC



Twentieth Year, August 23, 1913

Los Angeles, California—Price Ten Cents

WHENCE AND WHITHER

By Grace Hibbard

Whence came the summer day,
Trailing its golden hair
Across the hills and fields?
Whence came the day so fair?

Where went the summer day,
On wings of burnished gold,
Of amethyst and flame,
Beyond the headland bold?

Whence came the life that made
My life a summer day?
Whence went the soul that took
Light from my life away?



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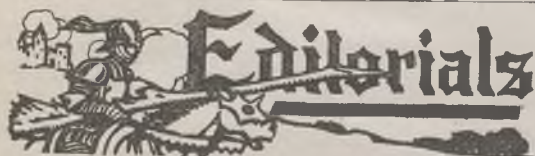
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TWENTIETH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

SAMUEL TRAVERS CLOVER :: EDITOR



"FAULT OF THE SYSTEM" JARGON

WHETHER the sentence Judge Van Fleet imposes on Maury I. Diggs, convicted on four counts in the indictment charging white slavery, is the limit—five years and five thousand dollars on each of the counts—or a much milder punishment, there are those who will argue that because others guilty of similar crimes go undetected Diggs should be equally immune. It is queer logic yet we have heard this contention seriously advanced by men and women of a high order of intelligence. They use that shibboleth of the reformer "the system is at fault" and "Diggs is made to suffer for the sins of the many."

Queer reasoning, this. It knocks the argument of personal responsibility into a cocked hat. Diggs should go scot free because he was no worse than thousands of others. His technical error, urge his apologists, was in selecting Reno instead of Los Angeles for his illicit amours. By so doing he ran foul of Uncle Sam's laws; had he remained in the state Sacramento county might or might not have lodged complaint since wife desertion and contributing to the delinquency of minors are everyday occurrences. When we point out that California has upward of three millions of population and that the percentage of scoundrel husbands is relatively extremely small the retort is "O, well, the social workers will tell you that thousands of cases never get to the light."

We dislike to take so pessimistic a view of our fellow benighted in the state. Possibly, we are white sepulchres in the mass and for our aggregate sins should be loth to punish an individual member, but in that event society is left without protection from the law and we all know what would happen if concrete justice were given a long vacation. Admitting that the system is to blame, as our social reformers argue, will the granting of immunity to a crass offender against the laws—moral as well as civic—better conditions? We cannot agree with that curious viewpoint. Diggs' wife and baby may be disgraced by the penitentiary sentence, but we submit that the act of sending the husband and father to prison is no whit worse than his self-imposed shame. It is not the law that is hounding the innocent; the wife and children must suffer not for what justice inflicts but for the misdeeds of the man who had sworn to love and to cherish the ones now sharing in the disgrace.

It is absurd to inveigh against the law and denounce "the system" whenever a wrongdoer is overhauled and justly punished. Diggs is a man of more than ordinary intelligence, enjoying a technical education, an architect of ability. He knew the price of illicit relations; he knew that not alone himself but those dependent upon him would have to suffer he had been besought to amend his ways. Wherein

if he continued in his course. He had been warned; was "the system" at fault in his case? We confess the jargon has no meaning to our ears. We believe in individual responsibility. Diggs took chances; he was caught, convicted and must pay the penalty. The sad part is that innocent ones must suffer as well. However, that they have already done. The law, in sentencing him, does not make matters worse. Mrs. Diggs through its workings may eventually find that happiness which thus far has been denied her and which it is doubtful she could ever experience with the man who so basely ignored his vows.

LAWYERS NOW HAVE THEIR INNINGS

STOPPED by Canadian authorities in his sensational flight from Matteawan asylum across country to tidewater Harry K. Thaw will now renew the legal struggle for freedom that has been a notable feature of his five years' incarceration in the New York state hospital for the criminal insane. Prominent Canadian counsel has been engaged to contest deportation proceedings and his rich relatives, accompanied by New York counsel are hurrying with well-filled purses to his aid. Sherbrooke, Quebec, to whose county jail the detained man has been taken promises to be the scene of one of the most tenaciously-fought legal battles the province has experienced.

Even if the prisoner should lose his first point and be conducted across the line to New Hampshire, whence he entered the Dominion, he may be able successfully to resist transference back to the asylum on the plea of sanity, which means a renewal of the contentions of alienists, for and against, in a state removed from the local prejudices that inevitably entered into the previous trials and were in notable evidence at Whiteplains. It is possible that he may be extradited on the charge of bribery, by which means, it is understood, the district attorney of Dutchess county will try to regain the prisoner. This is another legal phase of the fight.

If Thaw had been as well advised as that degenerate flitter, Jack Johnson, he would have had in his possession a through ticket to furrin' parts, in which event he might have gone on without experiencing detention. It was an oversight that may mulct the Thaw estate a pretty penny and cost New York taxpayers a heavy sum before the litigant is back in the asylum to brood over his unsuccessful dash for liberty. But for the possible menace lurking in his alleged delusions the country might well spare him, since the courts have decreed that he was not responsible for Stanford White's death.

SPRECKELS SETS A SANE EXAMPLE

ELIMINATION of the Call in San Francisco, leaving only two morning dailies in the field, is a sane business move that might be emulated with profit by publishers in several cities we could name, notably Chicago and Los Angeles. It is absurd to lecture John D. Spreckels, owner of the Call, for disposing of his property. For upward of sixteen years, since 1897, he has been a liberal backer of the venture and under the Messrs. Hornick and Simpson regime a more readable and aggressive newspaper it were difficult to find. If it could not succeed with them its case was hopeless and so Mr. Spreckels undoubtedly concluded. His business sense urged him to get rid of a costly plaything and he did so. To criticize him for lack of spirit is unjust. The Call had no chance, since Mr. Spreckels is not a newspaper man.

This is the trouble in the Los Angeles field. Mr. Earl is a rich man; his wealth was acquired in the fruit business and in fortunate real estate investments. He is in no remote sense to be regarded as

a newspaper man. His morning paper cannot possibly succeed, because Los Angeles, like San Francisco and like Chicago, even, is unable to afford the luxury of more than two morning dailies. He has changed editors and business managers a dozen times in the two years of the Tribune's untoward existence, thereby following John D. Spreckels' example, which policy is fatal to a newspaper property. Money alone cannot make the paper go. It must have what the mere millionaire owner cannot furnish: intuitions, a passion for the work, absence of selfish motives. Mr. Earl may continue to sink \$15,000 a month for several years to come, but he will inevitably tire of it, because he is, first, a business man and his commercial instincts are bound to become assertive sooner or later.

In Chicago the Tribune is the only paying morning daily. From what Mr. Lawson makes on his Daily News in the evening field—said to be \$300,000 a year—probably one-third is deflected into the treasury of the Record-Herald to make good its deficits. There used to be four English morning dailies before the Lawson-Kohlsaat amalgamation, but this relief has not been sufficient to turn the trick. Hearst's Examiner is still striving for recognition there, but is not a howling success. If Mr. Kohlsaat, who now has the Inter-Ocean—and a mighty good paper it is—can assemble enough capital to take in the Record-Herald and by dropping all other hyphenated names let the Herald appear alone above the parallel rules he will have a big winner. That way lies success in the Chicago morning field. The merchants will not support three morning dailies there nor elsewhere, and if not in Chicago how hopeless the Los Angeles situation.

STATUS OF NEW YORK MUDDLE

ACTING Governor Martin H. Glynn having declined to accede to the proposal of the impeached governor to submit the case to the courts and abide by the results has been officially recognized by the board of trustees of public buildings at Albany by having special executive quarters assigned to him at the capitol. The acting governor in occupying them stated that warfare was not his object; that he had no intention of removing departmental heads for political reasons; that he wants hearty cooperation of all state officials in the effort to bring order out of chaos in the state government until the court of impeachment shall have rendered a verdict. He promises that no act of his shall compound the present confusion.

It is an interesting situation to the student of political problems who is at a sufficient distance to be absolutely non-partisan. Glynn, although a Tammany man, is by no means a servile member of that organization. He is a Democrat whose independence of thought and action was attested when as state controller and as editor of the Albany Times-Union he supported Governor Hughes. On occasions he has not hesitated to oppose Tammany when its demands ran counter to what he believed was the right course to pursue. He has served two terms in congress and as state controller proved himself a foe to graft and a persistent reformer of abuses. He controls the Times-Union, has been admitted to the bar and in spite of his independence is a mild-mannered man of unimposing appearance, below medium height, with his head set close to his shoulders and his eyes sticking out from behind heavy glasses. He may be prosaic, says a recent estimate of the automatic successor to Mr. Sulzer, but he is a man of stability, sense, culture, solid attainments and sterling honesty.

Perhaps, an excellent insight into the acting gover-

nor's reasoning processes may be gained by examining the causes he sets forth for refusing to become a party to the proposed agreement to submit the question of authority to the courts for settlement. He argues, primarily, that it is beyond his power to barter away any of the functions attaching to the office in which the impeachment places him; that the whole matter is now in the highest court of the state—the court of impeachment—whose decision once made is binding on every court and every person in the state. The constitution of New York, he asserts, has fixed this mode of settling the matters at issue and knowing no other way he must decline to enter into any stipulation to the contrary.

It is pointed out that while the legislature prepares the articles of impeachment and votes on their presentment the trial is not in the nature of legislation, hence the argument of Mr. Sulzer that impeachment proceedings are foreign to the special session call falls to the ground. The impeachment court is a judicial body formed by a majority of the state senators and a majority of the judges of the court of appeals. Of course, Mr. Sulzer can test his rights whether or not the acting governor acquiesces. His recourse is the court of appeals. If that body disclaims jurisdiction he must, perforce, vacate his office and await the verdict of the impeachment court—or resign.

DEFECTS IN THE CURRENCY BILL

OBJECTION to the currency legislation voiced by Senator Owen, introducer of the house bill in the upper branch of congress, strikes one as sound. He is averse to that provision which requires that national banks shall contribute from their own capital to the capital of the federal reserve banks, assessment for which is twenty per cent of the capital of each national bank—ten per cent paid up and ten per cent subject to call. Senator Owen doubts if the national banks, under the law, can be compelled to make this contribution and he is rightly of the opinion that if the banks are allowed to make it voluntarily, they will not do so unless they are permitted to control the banking system.

Evidently, the arguments to which the senator listened a few days ago, at a called conference of the bankers of the central west, have borne fruit. It will be recalled that Presidents George M. Reynolds and J. B. Forgan, respectively, presidents of the two largest Chicago banks, together with other bankers equally well-known in other middle west cities, suggested an amendment to the original bill in respect to the powers of the federal reserve board, calculated to overcome all banking opposition. Instead of vesting initiative power in the federal board in the administration of the new banking system it is urged that such power be transferred to the proposed advisory council, leaving to the federal board only regulatory powers and the right to approve or veto administrative proposals when initiated by the federal advisory council.

This attitude of mind which Senator Owen reflects does not mean that he is opposed to any currency legislation at this session. To the contrary the chairman of the senate banking and currency committee is in favor of action before adjournment is taken, but he points out that the bill he presented was only a tentative draft subject to such emendations as in the judgment of the senate were deemed advisable. Already, many important changes have been made in the house bill, that prescribing the powers of the national supervisory board, that providing for the issue and redemption of notes and that which arranges for the disposition of the two per cent bonds now pledged against national bank circulation.

Originally, the power granted to the national board, to require one regional central bank to discount one paper to another, was wholly unrestricted. As amended it may be exercised only "in time of emergency" by vote in which all members of the board are present and concurring and only on the basis of a higher interest rate than that prevailing in either of the districts affected. Other sweeping and unrestricted powers assigned to the national board are modified by a wholly new provision for an advisory

council, to be composed of as many members as there are regional central banks; each of those banks to elect one member. It is to this advisory council the central west bankers ask to have the federal powers transferred as stated.

Should the bill pass without this emendation the advisory council will still have power, of its own initiative to confer directly with the federal board, to present to it formal recommendations of policy and to call for information on any fact relating to that policy. Naturally, because the advisory council is to have no actual veto power on policies of the national board, has aroused much adverse criticism as to its usefulness in operation. That it will be an influential body is not to be doubted, but the absence of a clause requiring the submission, at least, of proposed policies to the council for its advice and judgment, before the national board takes action, is regarded as a weakness in the bill that should be remedied. Conferences of influential bankers in Chicago and elsewhere in the near future at which the defects in the bill are to be discussed and remedies suggested should be helpful to congress in shaping the new currency system.

PARK PRESERVE AT OUR DOORS

HEARTILY and unreservedly we indorse the suggestion of Mr. C. D. Daggett of Pasadena that shooting of deer in the mountain area north of the Crown City be prohibited and the region set aside as a game preserve. It is little short of a crime for vandal hunters to trail the gentle creatures and ruthlessly slaughter them in the name of sport. Theoretically, the doe is immune by law, but as a matter of fact the unscrupulous hunter, if he is certain of doing so undetected, will not hesitate to kill the female deer. Inexperienced and ignorant "sportsmen" unable to distinguish a doe from a buck at a distance of one hundred yards also are guilty of this great wrong.

Mr. Daggett is eminently right in urging the establishing of a sanctuary for these graceful wild animals whose immunity from hunting would, in process of time, bring them into confidential relations with mankind. If the national government would transform the entire forest reserve of the Sierra Madre range into a game preserve in a few years the deer, no longer timid, would be seen in family groups disporting in the sylvan shades within a few miles of Pasadena, thereby adding immeasurably to the attractiveness of the mountain resorts. Unless protection of this nature is afforded it will not be long before the deer, now so mercilessly hunted, will become as scarce as the dodo. As Mr. Daggett pertinently remarks, "Fifty years from now we will be sending all over the world for different species of deer to put into this great natural park" that lies right at our doors.

Up in the hills of the Sierra Madre range the black-tailed and mule-tailed deer are about the only two species found. They are more or less gregarious in nature, polygamous, in fact. They rut in the fall and breed first at the age of about sixteen months, the period of gestation being six months. A doe normally gives birth to two fawns. All deer, especially the bucks, have a tendency to migrate from lower to higher altitudes early in the summer and retreat in the fall. In Southern California the species found in the foothills rut fully a month earlier than those of higher altitudes. It is encouraging to note that many game enthusiasts in California advocate a closed season on deer for a period ranging from one to ten years. The Daggett idea of a park preserve is still better.

Think of the possibilities that lie within easy reach if the people will only bestir themselves to insure their realization. Every year the fame of this park preserve would be augmented, adding materially to the attractions of this favored spot and proving a powerful magnet in drawing hither the nature lovers of the universe. Our glorious hills with their splendid growth of timber, their singing mountain creeks, their wonderful fern beds, the picturesque yucca plant, the myriads of wild flowers offer a charm that few localities possess and it is ours in perpetuity if

our people will avail themselves of the chance to attain it in the manner noted. We hope the Pasadena Board of Trade will take early steps to carry out the suggestions of Mr. Daggett. It deserves the strong support of every civic society, every social club, every improvement organization, every individual. Not only does it make appeal on the grounds of humanity, but common sense, selfish interests even should conspire to have the government name the mountainous region just north of Pasadena as a park preserve.

KANSAS DROUGHT AND DIVINE ACTION

REFUSAL of Governor Hodges of Kansas to proclaim a day of general supplication for rain arouses many interesting reflections. To the argument that sporadic prayers were insufficient to enlist Divine intervention and that a combined appeal seemed to be necessary the cautious executive replied, "I believe in the efficacy of prayer, but not in the case of flood or droughts."

Thus, a unique situation is unfolded. On the one hand church people, generally, in the Sunflower state, seemingly distrustful of Divine omnipotence, are reminding the Giver of all Good of His apparent neglect or, at least, are taking issue with the Divine order. The governor, to the contrary, seems to fear that disastrous floods might follow state-wide simultaneous prayers for rain and declines to tempt Providence. Or does he mean that the drought effect is the result of natural causes to ignore which by resorting to prayers were to reflect on the sound judgment of the state executive?

We have an abiding faith in prayer as a means of self-helpfulness, an inspiration to the accomplishment of a purpose, but how can one who believes in the omniscience of God and of His omnipotence assume to jog His memory or suggest His course of action. This thought is advanced in all sincerity and without ribald intent whatsoever. We recall that when a body of earnest women prayed in this city a year ago for Divine interference in a local election we suggested that another body of women equally pious, equally earnest might have besought Divine Grace to guide the voters to return a verdict directly contrary. When we ventured that this might prove embarrassing we were accused of scoffing. It was an unjust indictment. We hope the drought in Kansas will be broken and that the prayers of the righteous will prevail despite the governor's equivocal utterance and attitude.

AIM OF CENTURY'S NEW EDITOR

HAVING been favored with an advance copy of the salutatory of Robert Sterling Yard, successor to Robert U. Johnson as editor of the Century Magazine, it is refreshing to get the assurance of the new conductor that no "muckraking" will be permitted in its pages. Whatever is offered, we are promised, will be in the fair, free unbiased spirit of investigation, with facts preceding opinions. This is in harmony with the dignified character of the magazine whose open-minded editors in the past have revealed a close sympathy with the social developments occupying the hearts and intellectuals of men and women, together with the broadest literary catholicity. Always, the tendency of the Century has been toward a study of the manifestations of the times in an impartial but friendly manner, letting its conclusions follow and not precede its investigations.

Such a policy will be continued under Mr. Yard who should prove as congenial a guiding spirit as was each of his three notable predecessors, Dr. J. G. Holland, Richard Watson Gilder and the cultured Mr. Underwood. Mr. Yard, doubtless, has noted the paucity of great literary merit in his studies of contemporary literature else why does he refer so meaningfully to periods of literary barrenness, when men live literature instead of writing it? This to him does not indicate degeneration, for when the mind lies fallow there is progress. He deprecates hastiness of judgment, "for while there are times to preach, and times to act and times to pronounce judgment, there are, at long intervals, also times, between the passings out and the comings in, when it behooves

all men to watch and to wait and to study the signs."

This, then, will be Mr. Yard's special mission. Even as Dr. Holland was in strong sympathy with the "free spirit of modern progress" and Mr. Gilder reveled in the "spirit of experiment," while Mr. Johnson's penchant was toward the "spirit of public helpfulness," the fourth editor of the Century will march in step with the "free spirit of modern progress" and endeavor to give a "fair presentation of the important educational, artistic, social and other changes attendant upon the passing of the present order and the establishment of the new." It is a pleasureable duty Mr. Yard undertakes and a program that promises rich rewards for his readers. We note that the Century under his management will offer a larger proportion of fiction than formerly, which is well, if the standards are in nowise lowered; illustration is to be maintained at the highest point modern method will permit; history, poetry and the essay are to be cultivated; conditions at home and abroad explored. It is a big contract, but Mr. Yard, doubtless, has the ability and courage for the task. In wishing him well we also assure him of the renewal of our subscription to his estimable magazine.

FLOPPER FOSS WOOS REPUBLICAN PARTY

QUOTING Rollin Lynde Hart's fearful pun, Our Lady of the Codfish is preparing to steel her heart against a fourth lemon Foss fate. In other words, Governor Foss, after serving three terms as the Democratic executive, having deserted his adopted party is flirting with the Republican organization, his old love, for the nomination; if unsuccessful he may determine to stand for re-election as an independent. He will be opposed by his running mate of 1912, Lieutenant-Governor David I. Walsh, who will head the cohesive Democratic party with excellent prospects of election in November, considering that three other tickets will be in the field, viz., Republican, Independent and Progressive. This survey excludes the two Socialist parties and the Prohibitionists whose votes will not greatly affect results.

It had been hoped that former Congressman McCall would contest the primaries, but that old Republican warhorse does not take kindly to the direct nomination law. He complains that the "old state convention no longer exists and that the party has become an unorganized mass which cannot be dealt with as a whole upon a question of this character, but must be dealt with as individuals." To which the Springfield Republican retorts, "The truth lies farther down. The Republican situation is being thoroughly bedeviled by Governor Foss' prospective circus stunt of a flying somersault over six elephants, ten camels, twenty bull moose and innumerable donkeys back into the Republican party." Possibly, McCall might have been induced to run if a certainty had existed that Foss would not also strive for the Republican nomination. This doubt in his mind has been justified by the notice served upon the party by the governor that he will be a candidate for the Republican nomination at the primaries. Opposing him will be Col. Everett C. Benton, grand master of the Massachusetts Masonic lodge, and Congressman Gardner, son-in-law of Senator Lodge.

To add to the curious mix-up, Mr. R. H. Long, the millionaire shoe-maker, an enrolled Republican for years, has consented to run for lieutenant-governor on the Democratic ticket headed by David I. Walsh, the present lieutenant-governor, whose invitation to Long, thus accepted, is indorsed by the Democratic state committee. This makes a strong combination, assuring the solidified Democratic party of many accessions from the wobbly Republican ranks, already disintegrating under the desertions to the Progressive party, whose candidate, Bird, polled within 21,000 votes of Walker, the Republican nominee for governor last year, the count standing 143,597 to 122,602, while Foss received 193,184, or 42.05 per cent of the total vote. If Walsh can do as well this year, with three other candidates to divide the remaining 48 per cent of the Massachusetts electorate his election is assured.

Only three states will chose governors this year,

Virginia and New Jersey, besides Massachusetts, with the latter election to be regarded as the most significant, since the Progressives will name a full ticket with Bird, as before, at the head. What a ridiculous situation will be unfolded if the party by selecting Foss at the primaries is saved from defeat this fall by this monumental flopper. It is realized that Benton cannot poll the normal Republican vote and as many of the larger manufacturers will favor Foss because they admire his stand in his troubles with labor he may capture the nomination. But the election is another matter. Many Republicans will turn to Bird rather than have the party saved by Foss and in preference to Walsh. In this, however, is seen an element of strength for the Democratic candidate who will poll his full party strength, plus the aid assured by Long's candidacy. Massachusetts has never faced a more peculiar political situation.

COOPERATION, NOT PUBLIC OWNERSHIP

WHILE San Francisco is debating the question of extending her municipal street railway lines, Los Angeles' city council is insisting that the proposed municipal railroad to tidewater shall be constructed, regardless of the adverse vote of the people at the last election, and Pasadenans, fretting over a fancied inferior service between the two cities, are striving to get a sum set aside for a preliminary survey for a municipally owned and operated line between the Crown City and Los Angeles. There are those who believe the interurban service of the Pacific Electric is of superior quality and that hearty cooperation with the efforts of the railroad management to shorten the running time will prove fruitful; but the municipal ownership obsession is adamant just now and its proponents doubtless believe that much better service can be effected by amateurs than by men who have made a life study of street railway problems.

Where the money is to be obtained to finance all these tentative ventures is not vouchsafed. San Francisco, at this time, is peddling out bonds in \$10, \$25 and \$50 issues with no profound success. Los Angeles is bonded almost to the limit with one undertaking, to complete which will require all the way from twenty-five to fifty millions of dollars more than has been invested. Pasadena is restive under a recent tax raise; more than six hundred thousand dollars has been sunk in a municipal lighting plant that is wholly unnecessary, as a preventative of extortionate rates, since the organic law vests regulatory power in the city to raise or lower all public utility rates. The recent acquisition of the water system calls for a large outlay to develop the water sources and extend the service of this public utility whose desirability is not to be questioned. But for the useless expenditure in the lighting plant there would be plenty of funds forthcoming for all legitimate needs without increasing the tax rate.

We are at a period of great economic waste and without stopping to count the cost unthinking people are ready to plunge into all kinds of municipal experiments. Take the proposal to build and operate an electric line between Pasadena and Los Angeles. At least, ten millions dollars would be required to finance the project if terminal facilities satisfactory to patrons, construction, rolling stock, and other primary expenses are taken into consideration. If ever completed, it would mean a duplication of plants, a rivalry for traffic resulting in the road giving the better service getting the majority of the business. Who dare affirm that the municipal railroad would outstrip the privately owned and operated line in all essentials?

Instead of duplication of plants with the consequent economic waste we should pattern by the example set us by the city of Chicago whose profit-sharing plan in connection with the rehabilitation of the South Side Street Railways has proved to be a wise solution of a knotty problem. There should be in every franchise granted a clause giving the municipality the option of stepping in at the expiration of the term of franchise and either acquiring the road at an arbitrated price or share in the profits of the venture. The latter plan is the more feasible, because

the less onerous on the taxpayers. Interests become blended, a strict accounting is required and the people acquire a fair return in dividends for the special privileges granted. Experts manage the property and by their rational methods get the maximum of earnings at a minimum of cost. In this cooperation all share, friction is avoided, a plethora of working capital is assured and the dangers of economic waste through duplication of plants are dissipated.

SYMPHONY CONCERTS AND MUSIC LOVERS

STRONG appeal is being made by the Los Angeles Symphony Orchestra Association for a guarantee and cash fund by means of which an orchestra may be assembled of the best musicians who may be maintained exclusively for the symphony concerts throughout the season. It is planned to broaden the scope and raise the artistic standing of the orchestra and to this end music lovers not only in Los Angeles but in Pasadena and the foothill towns through to Redlands, with the entire San Gabriel valley and the beach cities, are invited to do their share in placing this educational institution upon a solid footing.

We say institution because for sixteen years the Los Angeles Symphony Orchestra has struggled against great odds to attain the permanence it deserves, until the symphony concerts have come to be regarded as among the most delightful features of the music season at the Southern California metropolis. In these recurring seasonal concerts the music lovers of contiguous towns have enjoyed opportunities that are all too rare, hence in asking for their contributions to a guarantee fund the directors of the orchestra association are in nowise exceeding the proprieties. Of course, the bulk of the \$45,000 cash and guarantee fund should be and doubtless will be subscribed in Los Angeles, but we hope to see Pasadena and her sister cities, where music culture is well expressed, responding liberally to the call for assistance in establishing so splendid a civic feature.

It is planned to engage the musicians for the coming season through competition, before a board of discerning judges. The orchestra will probably begin daily rehearsals in October and performances early in November. According to present plans two series of ten concerts each will be given, one series called public rehearsals to take place Friday afternoons, and the other, termed regular concerts, to be given Saturday evenings, approximately every two weeks. The two series will be identical as to programs. This is a departure from previous plans and is in line with the suggestion made exclusively in these columns before the present conductor and manager of the orchestra were selected. It follows the method so successfully pursued in Chicago by the late Theodore Thomas and continued by his successor, Mr. Stock. We believe it will prove highly satisfactory in Los Angeles, always providing the guarantee and cash funds are forthcoming. In Adolf Tandler a brilliant musician of great promise has been secured to lead the orchestra and with the management intrusted to Mr. Frederick H. Toye the best results are confidently expected. Behind these gentlemen is an enthusiastic board of directors. Now let the public do its share.

GRAPHITES

Young Mr. Caminetti's case is set for next Tuesday. It is feared he will not enjoy the Sunday surcease.

Desisting from his efforts to block tariff legislation Senator Penrose has turned his attention to the Mexican question with equal prospect of success.

Mrs. Evelyn Nesbit Thaw, now filling a vaudeville engagement in New York, may well regard this flight of her former precious husband as first class press agency work.

In the death of the late state controller, A. B. Nye, the people have lost one of the most efficient public servants California ever saw inducted into office. Of the highest integrity he was an independent thinker, broadgauge in every way, devoted to his duties and non-partisan in the conduct of his office. The state can ill afford to lose his services.

Drama of a Woman Who Loved and was Wise---By Randolph Bartlett

JAMES Bernard Fagan's play "The Earth" is an interesting illustration of the absence of encouragement in America for writers with the capacity for turning out high class plays. This piece was a success in London, and on the continent, but in America it was a failure. It is a good play too, interesting as a story, not too far advanced in its ideas to be comprehensible to the average audience, and with a considerable amount of humor. Its only offense seemed to be that it was too good, too logical. Moreover, it was not romantic. Hence, it could not survive, so it remained for the publishers to save it from oblivion.

"The Earth" gets its name from a powerful newspaper, with a circulation of several millions, published by Sir Felix Janion, who controls a syndicate owning nearly one hundred other publications. Janion is the same sort of character as Sir Charles Worgan, the multi-millionaire publisher in Arnold Bennett's comedy, "What the Public Wants." He is a German who was born in the United States, began his career as a publisher at the age of seventeen in a backwoods town in Canada, and eventually went to England and established his great chain of newspapers. He is without specific principles of his own, but adopts policies from time to time as he sees opportunities for the aggrandizement of his newspapers through the advocacy of popular ideas, or for the popularization of schemes by the force of his tremendous power.

Pitted against him is the Right Honorable Denzil Trevena, M. P., who received his start toward success and fame through former association with Janion, but who has since become a sincere reformer, and a member of the government party. He has proposed, as a government measure, a wages bill, to alleviate the condition of the working classes, and Janion has decided that this bill not merely must be defeated, but must not be allowed even to be introduced for its first reading. Even before the provisions of the bill have been announced he has opened his campaign against it, anticipating what is generally understood to be its trend, erecting straw arguments and disposing of them with broadsides from his newspapers. He has even succeeded in enlisting the working classes themselves against it, because, having the advantage of being the first in the field, he is free to do as he pleases regardless of what actual facts may be adduced later. Trevena also has a counterpart in modern dramatic literature, in Henry Trebell in Granville Barker's "Waste," not alone in his creative statesmanship, but also in becoming involved with a married woman.

In is in the woman of the drama that Fagan has evolved a character which is new to this form of literature, and who makes "The Earth" something more than a mere political melodrama. She is the Countess of Killone whose husband is a wastrel, dissipated, bankrupt, and ekes out a living by borrowing money from wealthy friends. Her attachment for Trevena is of long standing, and their relations, while ideal in many respects, are still entirely human. All the other characters in the play simply serve to cast further light upon these three.

The first act takes place at Janion's country house, where Lord and Lady Killone have been week-end guests, his lordship taking advantage of the occasion to borrow ten thousand pounds from his host. Trevena, whose relations with Lady Killone at this time are unsuspected by any person whatsoever, has also been invited to visit his journalistic adversary at this time, for a personal discussion of the warfare in which they are engaged. An index to the character of Janion is given in a conversation regarding the wages bill, by his sister, a colorless spinster, Lady Killone, whose sympathies, naturally enough, are strongly in favor of Trevena's bill:

MISS JANION: My dear Lady Killone, I hope you don't think my brother is lacking in sympathy for the working classes. Nobody could accuse him of that.

LADY KILLONE: Oh, please, I don't accuse him—I'm sure his motives are excellent.

MISS JANION: No one has better motives. He is always doing something for them. Raising subscriptions for the unemployed, looking out for sensational cases of hardship—all his papers are on the alert—his watch-dogs, he calls them. Hardly a week but somewhere in the columns of The Earth, or of The Searchlight, or of The Eagle, or one of the others, you will find a harrowing story of unmerited poverty. He gives publicity, and the public gives subscriptions.

LADY KILLONE: Yes, he does a great deal of good in that curious way.

LADY SUSAN: And no gratitude. But that's the way with the working classes. The more they get, the more they want.

LADY KILLONE: The failing is hardly peculiar to the working classes.

MISS JANION: That is true. Dear me—there

are a great many things wrong with the world. But I think you must admit that my brother is doing his best to put them right. You may think it my partiality, but I believe Sir Felix has more power for good than all the preachers, police and politicians in the country. (With a little laugh.) And nothing is too small for him. If a child gets lost, if a wife strays from her husband—

LADY SUSAN: Eh?

MISS JANION: Or the other way about—is it the police who find them? No, my brother—he always gets in first. And if there's a mystery, a scandal, an abuse, he never rests until he roots it out and sets it right. . . . When I think of all he is doing, I can't help feeling—I say it with all reverence—that Sir Felix is, in a way, a kind of special providence.

LADY KILLONE: Indeed, one might almost say, an "extra special" providence.

Further light upon the character of this powerful man is furnished by his managing director, Dickson, and one of his editors, Morrish, the latter an Oxford man who tries to keep the Janion papers clean and decent, so far as lies in his power. Janion makes it clear that decency is not what he wants, but circulation. In fact the entire first act is devoted to the clear enunciation of the motives of the leading personages of the play, and it has almost no action. From the stage viewpoint this is a serious fault, but for a full understanding of any serious drama it is almost necessary.

In the second act Janion and Trevena have it out regarding the wages bill, and it is clear that both men are determined—the publisher to win a great victory for his newspapers, for with all his talk of the protection of life and liberty, the functions of the state, and all the other catch phrases of the demagogue, it is evident that he has absolutely no interest in social conditions, but is concerned exclusively in developing the power of his huge weapon, and then proving the power by employing it in a difficult cause. Trevena's indictment of the yellow journal is ingenious. "You pose as the enemy of trusts" he says. "You're the worst kind of a trust. You're a trust of ideas. Your newspapers, with their fabulous circulations, and the whole pack of other papers that's barking at your heels—what chance has an independent purveyor of public opinion of standing up against you?" But it is the old problem of the irresistible force and the immovable body. The two men are both too big to budge an inch from their original positions. Janion leaves the room for a few minutes to talk to his editor, and Lady Killone and Trevena have a short scene. It appears that Killone is near the end of his borrowing capabilities, and there is a prospect that he will have to go back to Ireland to his estate, take his wife with him, and there live in secluded poverty, which would mean a final separation of the lovers, who have been able to meet occasionally in the present circumstances. The plane upon which this contraband love endures is shown in this bit of their conversation:

LADY KILLONE: I wouldn't miss one minute of our little stolen hours together for anything else in the world.

TREVENA: Stolen! Yes, that's the curse of it. (Going up to the window) Every time I want to see you I must steal—stoop to petty deceptions—I am a thief. Though I believe with all my heart and soul our love is right and good, always behind is the feeling of guilt—I can't get away from it. You feel that, Kitty, don't you?

LADY KILLONE: A little, perhaps. When a woman's in love, there's no room for trouble about other things. And what does it matter. Den?—it's the price we pay for our happiness.

TREVENA: No, it's the tribute we pay for keeping up appearances; and many a time I ask myself, is it worth it? I would like to make an end of all the lies and hypocrisy, and let them think what they liked of the truth. If you are taken away to Ireland, do you know what will happen? (Comes to her) I shall arrive one morning and say, "Kitty, come away with me; let's throw up everything and make a bolt."

LADY KILLONE: And then?

TREVENA: Oh, we'd go abroad . . . and afterwards, we should be married.

LADY KILLONE: And after—what would you do with your life?

TREVENA: We should have to live abroad for some years. But scandals are soon forgotten. I should come back then—

LADY KILLONE: Alone, yes—a man can come back alone. But not with a woman round his neck. Better many millstones than a woman with a history.

TREVENA: I'd give it all up, rather than lose you, Kitty.

LADY KILLONE: I love you for saying it, dear, but I wouldn't let you. Love makes men foolish and women wise, I know quite well that if I let

you give up your career for me—in the end I should lose your love, Den.

TREVENA: How can you say that?—don't you trust me?

LADY KILLONE: I love you. But just think, Den—just think what our lives would be. For a time—years perhaps—the world would be a wonderful place. And then—slowly, slowly, month by month, the wonder would die—I should watch you, and see you beginning to feel the want—the something missing. (He makes a movement of protest) O, no, you'd never say it, but I should know. I should feel the want myself. Dear, half my love is pride—pride in the great work you are doing, ambition for all that you can still do. Do you think I could give up that?

TREVENA: I shouldn't give up all my work—I should write—

LADY KILLONE: That's not life. You're a fighter, a doer; you must be right in the front of actual things. Den, Den, think of us two, wandering abroad from place to place—out of the real world—drifting ghosts, waifs, looking on at life through the windows; useless, aimless, growing old, and bored, and tired—tired, not with work, with purposeless existence. Oh! we couldn't—we couldn't! Anything but that!

TREVENA: No, you're right, Kitty; you always are right.

LADY KILLONE: Yes, dear, I am not one of those women who think the world well lost for love. And if I find you thinking it, I shall just whisper—"Temporary insanity."

All would have been well, only that Janion, unperceived by the pair, sees them embrace, as he passes a French window. At last he has his weapon. Despite his power he has secretly felt that Trevena's influence with the government would set all his efforts at naught. There is only one way out—to destroy Trevena. Notwithstanding the fact that he holds his adversary in high personal esteem, and that he admires Lady Killone sufficiently to lend her husband a large sum of money—for it is inconceivable to suppose he did it for any liking for the worthless earl—he sets about deliberately to get at the minutest details of the intimacy of these two persons.

Janion, of course, gets his information. He calls at Trevena's home and submits it, with its inevitable concomitant demand, that the wages bill shall be dropped. He points out that if Trevena refuses to do so, he will go direct to Killone with the incontrovertible proofs, Killone will bring suit for divorce, and so Trevena will be forced out of public life, and he will therefore be unable to introduce the bill after all. He gives Trevena his choice—withdraw the bill voluntarily, or be forced to do so. This, too, on the eve of its announced introduction in the house, for which occasion Trevena even has his speech prepared. For himself, Trevena would be quite willing to go through with it, and defy Janion to employ his blackmailing methods if he dares, but he loves the woman who is attacked, and it is constitutionally impossible for him to go ahead and allow the disgrace to fall upon her. He admits defeat, says he will frame up some sort of plausible explanation, and turns the victorious publisher out of his house.

The last act takes place in Janion's office the next day, following The Earth's big "scoop," in the form of a brief announcement in a single sentence in black type on the first page, that "upon the highest authority" the paper is able to announce that the wages bill will be abandoned. So complete does Janion regard his victory that he has diverted his attention to other matters, the publication of a great Children's Encyclopedia, and what not. The wages bill incident is closed so far as he is concerned. One element is overlooked, however, by Janion in his elation as by Trevena in his humiliation—Lady Killone. When she sees the announcement in The Earth she hastens to Trevena to learn what it means, and then to Janion to make her protest against his unscrupulous conduct. Trevena also comes to arrange what manner of explanation is to be given to the government for the premature publication of the announcement in The Earth. Janion tells Lady Killone she need not waste time pleading with him—the entire matter is settled. Trevena admits it is so.

What does it all mean to the woman? It is the thing of which she expressed her fear in her conversation with Trevena—that the man she loves, born to be "a fighter, a doer," shall lose his opportunity through his association with her. She knows that this will mean the death of his love for her, eventually. That she is interested in this reform is beside the question—she is fighting for something that means more to her than the legislation. Moreover, if Trevena is forced to withdraw his bill, he can scarcely survive, politically, and were he not in public life the barrier between them would be reduced to its minimum, but she sees that another barrier would take its place. Victory for Janion

means not only defeat for Trevena's reform, but a death blow to the one thing that redeems life for her, and her course is desperate.

She tells the two men that if Janion refuses to retract his announcement and insists upon using the information he has obtained, she will anticipate him, go direct from his office to the Press Association, and herself dictate the entire story of the means Janion has used to bring about the withdrawal of the bill. It would be published in every newspaper in the country excepting those owned by Janion, and while it would result in ruin for her, she would drag him down along with her. She would attack him at his own vulnerable point—his high moral ground. In other words, the thing which would be constitutionally impossible for Trevena, she will do herself. This would serve the double purpose of circumventing Janion and of forcing Trevena to go on with his fight for the reform.

Lady Killone wins. Janion is too great a master of his own game not to realize that it is beaten, and promises an admission the following day that the information was inaccurate. So the wages bill presumably becomes law and Trevena and Lady Killone continue as in the past, to love in secret, though Fagan is not so banal as to tack on a solution of the problem facing them, Killone's prospective forced retirement to his Irish estates.

So excellent is the workmanship of this play that it nowhere assumes the character of a glorification of an illicit love. It is rather the creation of a tremendously strong individual character in Lady Killone, in whom wisdom rises superior to selfish love, through the realization that selfishness would destroy its own ends. ("The Earth," by James Bernard Fagan. T. Fisher Unwin.)

"OUR CHARLES" JOINS THE VANDALS

CALIFORNIA'S delegation in the lower house of congress, eleven strong, has issued a circular letter approving the report of the Public Lands committee in favor of turning over the Hetch Hetchy valley to the city of San Francisco for its use as a reservoir site and quoting the indorsement of the plan by the secretaries of the interior, agriculture, and of war; the chief of the reclamation service, the chief of the geological survey, the chief forester and by Gifford Pinchot, former chief forester. Certainly, an impressive array of supporters. According to our congressional delegation the Hetch Hetchy valley is "an inaccessible canyon, thirty miles from the Yosemite valley proper, which the San Francisco project proposes to transform into an accessible mountain lake, with roads and trails leading to the high Sierras;" quite a philanthropic undertaking, in fact. Says our delegation further:

The only opposition to this project comes from a small number of well-intentioned persons who wish to have the valley remain in the state of nature. You no doubt will receive protests from these people. Members of the California delegation in the house earnestly request you to not [sic] prejudice this proposition in favor of the nature advocates, and earnestly request you to read the hearings before the public lands committee and the committee report which will accompany the bill. We feel that with the full facts before you San Francisco's request will be granted. The city needs this water supply and the completed project would be of inestimable benefit to one-fourth of the population of the state of California.

John Muir and those other earnest members of the Sierra Club—the army of nature lovers generally now protesting against the proposed invasion of the Hetch Hetchy—"are a small number of well intentioned persons" merely. Many of us have a broader and bigger estimate of their efforts to prevent what seems to be unnecessary vandalism. No attention is paid by our eleven members to the suppressed report of the engineer detailed to examine into the water resources of the Mokelumne River, which seems to disprove the contentions of the San Francisco authorities that the Hetch Hetchy is the only available source of supply. Hetch Hetchy valley, say our united eleven, is only "an inaccessible canyon thirty miles from the Yosemite proper." Yet other Californians familiar with the valley regard it as one of the most glorious spots in the Yosemite. We are surprised to find Representative Church aligned with Messrs. W. D. Stephens and our own Charles W. Bell from the two Los Angeles districts in support of the bill. We understood he was inimical to the measure.

OLD FAVORITES: "CASE OF M. VALDEMAR"

By Edgar Allan Poe

Of course I shall not pretend to consider it any matter of wonder, that the extraordinary case of M. Valdemar has excited discussion. It would have been a miracle had it not—especially in all the circumstances. Through the desire of all parties concerned, to keep the affair from the public, at least for the present, or until we had further opportunities for investigation—through our endeavors to effect this—a garbled or extravagant account made its way into society, and became the source of many unpleasant misrepresentations, and, very naturally, of a great deal of disbelief.

It is now rendered necessary that I give the facts—as far as I comprehend them myself. They are, succinctly, these:

My attention, for the last three years, had been repeatedly drawn to the subject of mesmerism; and, about nine months ago, it occurred to me, quite suddenly, that in the series of experiments made hitherto, there had been a very remarkable and most unaccountable omission:—no person had as yet been mesmerized in *articulo mortis*. It remained to be seen, first, whether, in such condition, there existed in the patient any susceptibility to the magnetic influence; secondly, whether, if any existed, it was impaired or increased by the condition; thirdly, to what extent, or for how long a period, the encroachments of death might be arrested by the process. There were other points to be ascertained, but these most excited my curiosity—the last in especial, from the immensely important character of its consequences.

In looking around me for a subject by whose means I might test these particulars, I was brought to think of my friend, M. Ernest Valdemar, the well-known compiler of the "Bibliotheca Forensica," and author (under the *nom de plume* of Issachar Marx) of the Polish versions of "Wallenstein" and "Gargantua." M. Valdemar, who has resided principally at Harlem, N. Y., since the year 1839, is (or was) particularly noticeable for the extreme sparseness of his person—his lower limbs much resembling those of John Randolph; and, also, for the whiteness of his whiskers, in violent contrast to the blackness of his hair—the latter, in consequence, being very generally mistaken for a wig. His temperament was markedly nervous, and rendered him a good subject for mesmeric experiment. On two or three occasions I had put him to sleep with little difficulty, but was disappointed in other results which his peculiar constitution had naturally led me to anticipate. His will was at no period positively, or thoroughly, under my control, and in regard to *clairvoyance*, I could accomplish with him nothing to be relied upon. I always attributed my failure at these points to the disordered state of his health. For some months previous to my becoming acquainted with him, his physicians had declared him in a confirmed phthisis. It was his custom, indeed, to speak calmly of his approaching dissolution, as of a matter neither to be avoided nor regretted.

When the ideas to which I have alluded first occurred to me, it was of course very natural that I should think of M. Valdemar. I knew the steady philosophy of the man too well to apprehend any scruples from him; and he had no relatives in America who would be likely to interfere. I spoke to him frankly upon the subject and as a matter of fact was induced to proceed, first, by the urgent entreaties of M. Valdemar, and secondly, by my conviction that I had not a moment to lose, as he was evidently sinking fast.

Mr. L—I, a medical student of my acquaintance, was so kind as to accede to my desire that he would take notes of all that occurred; and it is from his memoranda that what I now have to relate is, for the most part, either condensed or copied *verbatim*.

It wanted about five minutes of eight when, taking the patient's hand, I begged him to state, as distinctly as he could, to Mr. L—I, whether he (M. Valdemar) was entirely willing that I should make the experiment of mesmerizing him in his then condition.

He replied feebly, yet quite audibly, "Yes, I wish to be mesmerized"—adding immediately afterwards, "I fear you have deferred it too long."

While he spoke thus, I commenced the passes which I had already found most effectual in subduing him. He was evidently influenced with the first lateral stroke of my hand across his forehead; but although I exerted all my powers, no further perceptible effect was induced until some minutes after ten o'clock, when Doctors D—and F—called, according to appointment, I explained to them, in a few words, what I designed, and as they opposed no objection, saying that the patient was already in the death agony, I proceeded without hesitation—exchanging, however, the lateral passes for downward ones, and directing my gaze entirely into the right eye of the sufferer.

By this time his pulse was imperceptible and his

breathing was stertorous, and at intervals of half a minute.

This condition was nearly unaltered for a quarter of an hour. At the expiration of this period, however, a natural although a very deep sigh escaped the bosom of the dying man, and the stertorous breathing ceased—that is to say, its stertorousness was no longer apparent; the intervals were undiminished. The patient's extremities were of an icy coldness.

At five minutes before eleven I perceived unequivocal signs of the mesmeric influence. The glassy roll of the eye was changed for that expression of uneasy inward examination which is never seen except in cases of sleep-waking, and which it is quite impossible to mistake. With a few rapid lateral passes I made the lids quiver, as in incipient sleep, and with a few more I closed them together. I was not satisfied, however, with this, but continued the manipulations vigorously, and with the fullest exertion of the will, until I had completely stiffened the limbs of the slumberer, after placing them in a seemingly easy position. The legs were at full length; the arms were nearly so, and reposed on the bed at a moderate distance from the loins. The head was very slightly elevated.

When I had accomplished this, it was fully midnight, and I requested the gentlemen present to examine M. Valdemar's condition. After a few experiments, they admitted him to be in an unusually perfect state of mesmeric trance. The curiosity of both the physicians was greatly excited. Dr. D—resolved at once to remain with the patient all night, while Dr. F— took leave with a promise to return at daybreak. Mr. L—I and the nurses remained.

We left M. Valdemar entirely undisturbed until about three o'clock in the morning, when I approached him and found him in precisely the same condition as when Dr. F— went away—that is to say, he lay in the same position; the pulse was imperceptible; the breathing was gentle (scarcely noticeable, unless through the application of a mirror to the lips); the eyes were closed naturally; and the limbs were as rigid and as cold as marble. Still, the general appearance was certainly not that of death.

As I approached M. Valdemar I made a kind of half effort to influence his right arm into pursuit of my own, as I passed the latter gently to and fro above his person. In such experiments with this patient I had never perfectly succeeded before, and assuredly I had little thought of succeeding now; but to my astonishment, his arm very readily, although feebly, followed every direction I assigned it with mine. I determined to hazard a few words of conversation.

"M. Valdemar," I said, "are you asleep?" He made no answer, but I perceived a tremor about the lips, and was thus induced to repeat the question, again and again. At its third repetition, his whole frame was agitated by a very slight shivering; the eyelids unclosed themselves so far as to display a white line of the bell; the lips moved sluggishly, and from between them, in a barely audible whisper, issued the words:

"Yes;—asleep now. Do not wake me!—let me die so!"

I here felt the limbs and found them as rigid as ever. The right arm, as before, obeyed the direction of my hand. I questioned the sleep-waker again:

"Do you feel pain in the breast, M. Valdemar?"

The answer now was immediate, but even less audible than before:

"No pain—I am dying."

I did not think it advisable to disturb him further just then, and nothing more was said or done until the arrival of Dr. F—, who came a little before sunrise, and expressed unbounded astonishment at finding the patient still alive. After feeling the pulse and applying a mirror to the lips, he requested me to speak to the sleep-walker again. I did so, saying:

"M. Valdemar, do you still sleep?"

As before, some minutes elapsed ere a reply was made; and during the interval the dying man seemed to be collecting his energies to speak. At my fourth repetition of the question, he said very faintly, almost inaudibly:

"Yes; still asleep—dying."

It was now the opinion, or rather the wish, of the physicians, that M. Valdemar should be suffered to remain undisturbed in his present apparently tranquil condition, until death should supervene—and this, it was generally agreed, must now take place within a few minutes. I concluded, however, to speak to him once more, and merely repeated my previous question.

I now feel that I have reached a point of this narrative at which every reader will be startled into positive disbelief. It is my business, however, simply to proceed.

There was no longer the faintest sign of vitality in M. Valdemar; and concluding him to be dead, we were consigning him to the charge of the nurses, when a strong vibratory motion was observable in the tongue. This continued for perhaps a minute. At the expiration of this period, there issued from the distended and motionless jaws a voice—such as

it would be madness in me to attempt describing. There are, indeed, two or three epithets which might be considered as applicable to it in part; I might say, for example, that the sound was harsh, and broken and hollow; but the hideous whole is indescribable, for the simple reason that no similar sounds have ever jarred upon the ear of humanity. There were two particulars, nevertheless, which I thought then, and still think, might fairly be stated as characteristic of the intonation—as well adapted to convey some idea of its unearthly peculiarity. In the first place, the voice seemed to reach our ears—at least mine—from a vast distance, or from some deep cavern within the earth. In the second place, it impressed me (I fear, indeed, that it will be impossible to make myself comprehend) as gelatinous or glutinous matters impress the sense of touch.

I have spoken both of "sound" and of "voice." I mean to say that the sound was one of distinct—even wonderfully, thrillingly distinct—syllabification. M. Valdemar spoke—obviously in reply to the question I had propounded to him a few minutes before. I had asked him, it will be remembered, if he still slept. He now said:

"Yes;—no;—I have been sleeping—and now—now—I am dead."

No person present even affected to deny, or attempted to repress, the unutterable, shuddering horror which these few words, thus uttered, were so well calculated to convey. Mr. L—I (the student) swooned. The nurses immediately left the chamber, and could not be induced to return. My own impression I would not pretend to render intelligible to the reader. For nearly an hour, we busied ourselves, silently—without the utterance of a word—in endeavors to revive Mr. L—I. When he came to himself, we addressed ourselves again to an investigation of M. Valdemar's condition.

It remained in all respects as I have last described it, with the exception that the mirror no longer afforded evidence of respiration. An attempt to draw blood from the arm failed. I should mention, too, that his limb was no further subject to my will. I endeavored in vain to make it follow the direction of my hand. The only real indication, indeed, of the mesmeric influence, was now found in the vibratory movement of the tongue, whenever I addressed M. Valdemar a question. He seemed to be making an effort to reply, but had no longer sufficient volition. To queries put to him by any other person than myself he seemed utterly insensible—although I endeavored to place each member of the company in mesmeric rapport with him. I believe that I have now related all that is necessary to an understanding of the sleep-waker's state at this epoch. Other nurses were procured; and at ten o'clock I left the house in company with the two physicians and Mr. L—I.

In the afternoon we all called again to see the patient. His condition remained precisely the same. We had now some discussion as to the propriety and feasibility of awakening him; but we had little difficulty in agreeing that no good purpose would be served by so doing. It was evident that, so far, death (or what is usually termed death) had been arrested by the mesmeric process. It seemed clear to us all that to awaken M. Valdemar would be merely to insure his instant, or at least his speedy dissolution.

From this period until the close of last week—an interval of nearly seven months—we continued to make daily calls at M. Valdemar's house, accompanied, now and then, by medical and other friends. All this time the sleep-waker remained exactly as I have last described him. The nurses' attentions were continual.

It was on Friday last when we finally resolved to make the experiment of awakening, or attempting to awaken him; and it is the (perhaps) unfortunate result of this latter experiment which has given rise to so much discussion in private circles—to so much of what I cannot help thinking unwarranted popular feeling.

For the purpose of relieving M. Valdemar from the mesmeric trance, I made use of the customary passes. These, for a time, were unsuccessful. The first indication of revival was afforded by a partial descent of the iris. It was observed, as especially remarkable, that this lowering of the pupil, was accompanied by the profuse out-flowing of a yellowish ichor (from beneath the lids) of a pungent odor.

It was now suggested that I should attempt to influence the patient's arm, as heretofore. I made the attempt and failed. Dr. F— then intimated a desire to have me put a question. I did so, as follows:

"M. Valdemar, can you explain to us what are your feelings or wishes now?"

There was an instant return of the hectic circles on the cheeks; the tongue quivered, or rather rolled violently in the mouth (although the jaws and lips remained rigid as before); and at length the same hideous voice which I have already described, broke forth:

"For God's sake!—quick!—quick!—put me to

sleep—or, quick!—waken me!—quick!—I say to you that I am dead!"

I was thoroughly unnerved, and for an instant remained undecided what to do. At first I made an endeavor to recompose the patient; but, failing in this through total abeyance of the will, I retraced my steps and as earnestly struggled to awaken him. In this attempt I soon saw that I should be successful—or at least I soon fancied that my success would be complete—and I am sure that all in the room were prepared to see the patient awaken.

For what really occurred, however, it is quite impossible that any human being could have been prepared.

As I rapidly made the mesmeric passes, amid ejaculations of "dead! dead!" absolutely bursting from the tongue and not from the lips of the sufferer, his whole frame at once—within the space of a single minute, or even less, shrunk—crumbled away beneath my hands.

FUNCTION OF MODERN STAGE PRODUCER

WITH the rise of the advance guard of English dramatists, there has come the need for a new function in the theater, the function of the stage producer. The old stage manager completed his development. His perfection was evident. He saw real trained horses, heard real telephones and listened to rising elevators. The stage manager was supreme. When we left the theater, we gasped at his cleverness.

Yet this wonderful person was of little use to the new dramatist. Shaw, Barker, Masefield and Galsworthy make few demands on the stage manager. They need more than a clever mechanic. The director, or producer as we hear oftener on this side, is vital to them. One of the English theatrical men to rise equal to this need is Mr. Lewis Casson, who is responsible for the directing of the Manchester Repertory Theater.

Nothing in London has interested me so much as the short three weeks' season of Miss Horniman's company at the Court. Here was an opportunity to see one really successful venture along the repertory line, in working order. In the three weeks, plays from Masefield, Barker and Houseman, Galsworthy and three new playwrights were presented. All were given in a satisfying way, several beautifully acted, others adequately, but none poorly.

To one interested in the "behind the curtain" side of a repertory, the work of the producer is most interesting, for the success of such a season demands necessarily, a man of unusual capabilities. In the case of Miss Horniman's company, the producer is already known to the playgoer by a list of remarkable character studies. His acting ranged through a list of parts, varying from "Professor Calway" in "The Pigeon" to the statue of "Love" in "Prunella." Los Angeles people will remember him as a member of John Drew's company in "Smith."

I was most anxious to meet Mr. Casson, for I was full of questions as to the practical part of a repertory theater. The difficulty of assigning parts when the leading people were to play [first] the best part in one piece, and then a bit, had always puzzled me; but I had always understood that this was a fundamental point in a repertory.

"All a fallacy," said Mr. Casson. "It is quite impractical, and a waste of good material. It is economy to give the leading actor the time to rest, rather than play a part of minor importance which without serious detriment could be played by a beginner. But—and the stage director's firmness was evident, 'they must be willing to play anything. That is a fundamental point in the repertory spirit.'"

I reminded him of the casting in "Prunella," Miss Thorndike and Miss Rooke, the two leading women of the company, played small parts.

"Ah, yes, in a case of that kind it is absolutely necessary to have these parts played by experienced good people. In fact those four mummies were played by leading women, while the part of 'Prunella' was played by a girl with only a year's experience."

In this, then, lies the great opportunity in a repertory. Among the leading people in London, many graduates of the Manchester Company are found. Miss Edyth Goodall, who has made a tremendous hit in "Within the Law" is an example. Mr. Casson spoke of these graduates.

"They are never satisfied to play with us after making a London reputation. They think they would be. They like our plays better and like the parts, but they are spoiled for repertory. They would be restless."

I asked him where he found his new material to take the place of these.

"There is my greatest difficulty—to find the new undiscovered talent. I need more time for this."

Would that we had a few directors, hunting for new talent! I asked Mr. Casson what he looked for particularly.

"Voices. The good speaking voice is rare. Our people must have trained voices."

I suggested that he would have great difficulty in

the United States, but Mr. Casson has none of the usual British scorn for things American. In fact, he never mentioned even our accent! This was a relief, for I am in a perpetual state of wrath at the usual English critics' fling at Americans. One particularly clever writer inferred that we thought with a twang! Mr. Casson, on the other hand, thinks we are progressing faster than England in the appreciation of the new drama. And, too, he thinks on our coast the coming modern theater will be given its greatest opportunity.

It was inevitable that we should discuss the coming form the drama would take. Realism has had its day, thinks Mr. Casson. "The coming play will be one of symbolic or poetic fantasy. Ideality will be the keynote."

If he is right, we shall need more producers like himself. They will not be found at every hand. The demands are too many. The imagination of the actor, the eye of the artist, the brain of the writer, and the sympathy of the playgoer. This is what Mr. Lewis Casson leads one to expect.

WILLAMENE WILKES.

London, August 6, 1913.

GRAPHICALITIES

"Pitchfork" Tillman is against woman suffrage. This is all that was needed to insure its acceptance by the country.

One of Wisconsin's mothers has presented her husband with a fourth set of triplets. No wonder it is called the Badger state.

Germany persists in declining, with regret, to exhibit at the San Francisco exposition. Never mind, Patagonia has promised to be there.

Hermosa Beach Water Company has been fined \$500 for disobeying the orders of the state railroad commission. Now, will the corporations be good.

How ridiculous to hold up the Davis tennis trophy cup for possible customs duty, merely because it has been held abroad for ten years. This is the reductio ad absurdum of our customs duty farce.

Acting Governor Glynn's phrase characterizing Sulzer as "constitutionally disabled," deserves to share honors with that other classic, "innocuous desuetude," in which Sulzer is likely to land.

With the United States facing a meat famine how lucky we are in California to have easy access to a walnut crop sufficient to meet all needs. Who would not be a vegetarian these high-cost-of-living days?

"Frenzied Finance" Thomas W. Lawson offers to be one of twenty-five men to contribute \$100,000 each to back Sulzer in downing Tammany. Unfortunately, Sulzer is peccant—his hands are unclean, there's the weakness in the case.

Representative "Billy" Kent has always been more or less visionary. His latest erraticism is the backing of Carl Brown, once known as Coxey's "grand marshal," in the building of an aeroplane. Carl would desert the terrestrial sphere for the celestial regions. But at heart he has ever been a "high-flyer."

Undeterred by the fact that it is unable to market one million dollars of improvement bonds San Francisco enthusiasts led by the governor are planning to put out several millions more for other municipal projects. Already, the northern metropolis has \$80,000,000 of authorized bonds as a first mortgage on all city realty.

It is regarded as significant that the first news of a prospective meat famine came from Chicago, the headquarters of the beef trust, and then only after the insistent reports of crop damages. But the government has had its fill of investigating the beef barons. It has tried unsuccessfully several times to indict them.

Undeterred by the \$4000 fine imposed on him for forming a cotton pool to control prices Hon "Jim" Patten of Chicago bobs up serenely as purchaser of 1,700,000 bushels of "future" corn which he will probably unload on the short seller at a profit of, approximately, 25 cents a bushel. Yet James was reported to have retired from the market.

Police Judge John J. Sullivan of San Francisco who fined Attorney Ramsay \$100 and gave him a severe grilling to boot for knocking a camera out of the hands of an impudent photographer who was attempting to snapshot Ramsay's client is a moral coward. He is afraid of the San Francisco newspapers, it is clear. Ramsay's course is to be commended. He should have been praised, not lectured.

By the Way



San Francisco Duplicating the Hearst Trick

I miss my guess if what has happened in Los Angeles in the afternoon newspaper field is not about to be duplicated in San Francisco. The elimination of the Herald as a morning daily and its transmutation into a post meridian sheet under the pseudo management of my esteemed friend Guy Barham, with William Randolph Hearst paying the bills is history. More history is its healthy circulation and terrific inroads into the Express' territory until now the Herald probably prints and circulates from twenty thousand to thirty thousand more papers daily than Mr. Earl's evening paper boasts. Now, as to San Francisco the rumor that Mr. Hearst is to enter the evening field there convinces me that he is sharing in the elimination of the Call from the morning field in the same way that he participated in the Herald transfer. If the Call is turned into an afternoon paper, as now seems likely, look for William Randolph Hearst as its real owner with a well-sounding name appearing on the editorial page as publisher. Before September 1 developments will, I feel certain, reveal the truth of my predictions. Let the Bulletin and the Globe watch out.

As Col. De Young Sees It

Col. M. H. de Young writes me apropos his recent taking over of the San Francisco Call that he believes the tendency is toward fewer papers in the field—the making of better ones out of the stronger survivals—and that what has been done in San Francisco is but the forerunner of what may be expected to happen in many other of the larger cities. I agree with this viewpoint; in fact, an editorial on the subject appears elsewhere in this issue of The Graphic which was in type prior to the receipt of Col. de Young's letter.

Good News From Judge McKinley

Judge J. W. McKinley drops me a line from Lake Louise Chalet in the Canadian Rockies, where he and Mrs. McKinley and the family are having a glorious outing. He encloses a colored photograph of the trail along Lake Louise, showing the emerald blue waters under a turquoise sky, and writes: "We are having a delightful time here and travel this path daily. Expect to be home soon with new strength and health." This is gratifying news to the judge's many friends who had feared that his breakdown two months ago would prove serious, owing to the tremendous energies he has been expending in his exacting profession of recent years.

Garlands in Holland

From Amsterdam, Holland, Col. W. M. Garland forwards me a colored photograph of a sedgy pool, at one edge of which a Dutch windmill is extending its comb-like fingers toward a duck hunter in a punt at its base, whose likeness to the pride of Bolsa Chica, Col. Garland, is unmistakable. "Billy" writes: "We are having a great motor trip! This is a lovely country! Such cream! Such butter! Such cheese! Such beautiful cattle and horses! The neatest persons on earth are the Dutchmen." My! what a beatific frame of mind William is in. One would almost suspect him of being a candidate for the states-general.

Once When They Tricked Herman Silver

Herman Silver, the veteran citizen who died this week, was known in many parts of the United States as one of the most astute of politicians. He knew the game from the time when the "machine" was first brought into existence, and had participated in all forms of politics from national to civic affairs. After having made himself popular as a member of the city council in the late eighties, however, he was given the Republican nomination for mayor in 1900, his opponent being Fred Eaton. Now, it was not on the cards for Eaton to be defeated. The men who had most to say in politics in that year had decided that he was to be the next mayor. So they induced Silver to seek the Republican nomination. On the face of it there seemed no good reason why he should not have it, and make a good campaign. One point only was overlooked. With all his political affiliations, Silver was an avowed prohibitionist, a fact which apparently was overlooked in the pre-convention sparring. So as soon as he received the

nomination the prohibitionists came out with an enthusiastic endorsement. That killed whatever chances Silver may have had, for Los Angeles thirteen years ago was not inclined toward the "chemical purity" to which it now aspires, and the support of the "dry" element was fatal. That was Silver's last open participation in politics, save as a state bank examiner, though many of the younger generation have sought his counsel frequently as the scenes kept shifting.

Mrs. Ernest Bryant's Record Run

Mrs. Ernest Bryant, I imagine, has the record for a successful automobile coast run. Leaving Dr. Bryant at San Francisco to enjoy the Bohemian jinks with his crony Allan Balch and John Gaffey—who made a ten-day jump from London to get back in time for the summer festivities—Mrs. Bryant continued on to Seattle with Mrs. Tom Bishop which run was accomplished without so much as a single puncture. I think Mrs. Bryant was wise in not attempting to equal her record on the return trip. Instead, she shipped the machine through to Los Angeles, picked up Ernest at San Francisco and came on home by train.

Credit Where It Is Due

Inadvertently, I did great injustice to those two tirelessly energetic members of Al Malaikah Temple, Messrs. Motley H. Flint and Perry Weidner, when I gave the lion's share of credit to San Francisco's Commandery No. 1 in landing the next Knights Templar conclave for Los Angeles. One of the Malaikahites points out that not only did Templars Flint and Weidner lead the fight for Los Angeles, but for five months prior to the Denver conclave Motley Flint sent out more than five thousand letters to the various commanderies and many valuable souvenirs in the effort to gain friends for Los Angeles. For what San Francisco did we are, of course, grateful, but let us not overlook the resourceful work of Perry Weidner and Motley Flint.

One on Commodore Garbutt

In club circles Frank Garbutt's intimates are enjoying a good joke at that yachtman's expense. It seems that Skipper Garbutt invited a goodly gathering of Los Angeles folk, now sojourning at Santa Barbara, to sail with him over to the Channel Islands a few days ago, but the seas were so choppy that the guests became violently sick and chief among the disabled ones was the unfortunate host-captain. His pale face and wretched appearance conspired to provoke a general demand that the homeward tack be taken and the cruise abandoned and it was a sad and limp lot of landsmen that put back to Santa Barbara port.

Pupil of Collins Maintains the Traditions

In changing the Old Book Shop of browsing recollections into the London Bookshop (incorporated) with the clever young Belford Forrest as manager and E. H. Baring of New York, a genuine book-lover, as associate manager, Ernest Dawson is free to devote himself to the Voluntary Coöperative Association upon which his socialistic aspirations are set. Forrest is an apt pupil of dear old Collins of blessed memory and the traditions of the place will be safe in his keeping. He is a graduate of Trinity College, Dublin, and learned about books and literature at the feet of those glorious exponents, Professors Dowden and Mahaffy. With a reverence for the printed page such as his preceptors possessed to a marked degree in his hands the London Bookshop is bound to prosper even if he did sell a book of mine for a quarter last week.

Dr. Hoose Still at U. S. C.

I find that I am mistaken in supposing that Dr. Hoose has retired from his duties at the U. S. C. He has only passed on his Oriental philosophy classes to Professor James Main Dixon, so that he can devote greater attention to the other branches of his work. I am glad to make this correction.

Author of the "Golden Gate" Girl

I hear that William Brown McInerney, the author of "The Girl of the Golden Gate," which story is achieving deserved popularity as a stirring sea romance, was born in San Francisco before its days of cables and when its bay was afloat with crafts of all sorts from all parts of the world and its ship-pers were full of strange adventures of far-away ports and people. The whole Orient passed through the Golden Gate and fired the imagination of the young lad. At twelve years of age he ran away to sea, to return in six months, under protest, and he ran away again and was gone five years, coming back as second mate at seventeen. Still possessed with the wander-lust he visited Hawaii, where he was "among those present" interested in the fate of Queen Liliuokalani, and he also went to Central America. He has keen observation and a sensitiveness that shrinks from the portrayal of gloom and disaster. His is the cult of happiness, rather

than depressing, somber realism. His outlook on life is constructive, although he is no impractical dreamer, for he well knows that it is natural, as he expressed it, to "see the triumph only in life, never the progress."

Is He to Be Trust Officer?

Judge Walter Bordwell is still resting in Los Angeles, not yet having opened his offices. I am wondering if the rumor is correct that I printed soon after his announced retirement from the bench, to the effect that he would become affiliated with the German American Savings Bank in a position similar to that occupied by former Judge Hervey, vice president of the Los Angeles Trust and Savings Bank, as trust officer. It would be a good move for the bank, for the people place great confidence in Judge Bordwell.

Canfield an Unostentatious Millionaire

Probably few of the extremely wealthy men of Southern California were so little known as C. A. Canfield, whose sudden death last week surprised and shocked all his friends. Even before Mrs. Canfield was murdered by a discharged coachman in a fit of anger, the family was not inclined toward social activities in the generally accepted sense of the word, although the roomy mansion at Eighth and Alvarado was noted for its hospitality among those who enjoyed the closer friendship of the oil man and his wife and children. Mr. Canfield himself was too busy to pay much attention to the amenities of social intercourse—he made and lost more than one fortune before he finally reached affluence—and even had this not been the case, his tastes were admittedly "old-fashioned." An eastern visitor recently said: "You have beautiful houses in Southern California, but every last one of them is for sale—at a price. The idea of building a home which shall remain a family center, not merely for one generation but for several, does not seem to have taken hold out here at all." This was not so with the elder Canfield. He resisted the movement toward the suburbs which came with good roads and automobiles and I venture to say that his was one "home," at least.

Those Journalistic Mendicants

How often each day are you summoned to the door, or visited in your office, by the horde of circulation beggars who have been turned loose upon the city and its environs by the various contests of the Earl, Otis and Hearst newspapers? What harrowing tales these canvassers tell, to induce the reluctant ones to subscribe. That you do not want the paper, that you dislike its policy, that you are taking one you prefer, is beside the mark. They pester and pester, until you feel that your subscription is all that stands between them and starvation, and you buy them off. I know of one busy woman who has purchased immunity by subscribing for all the Los Angeles papers excepting the Record, which alone does not engage in this form of persecution, but she does not read any of them. Of how much value is this sort of forced circulation to the advertisers? It may be all well enough in padding out the circulation statements, but it is not healthy growth. Altogether, it is a proceeding that suggests Messrs. Otis, Hearst and Earl going from door to door with tin cups for the collection of pennies, with their newspapers as the monkeys to entertain with their antics.

Passing of the Old Regime

One by one the men whose names have been linked with the picturesque early days of Los Angeles are passing on. This week Herman Silver, the politician, C. A. Canfield, the oil discoverer, and John Bradbury whose name recalls the social extravagances which were so common in certain circles, died within a few days of one another. Bradbury was an example of the disaster that seems invariably to follow reckless living. In the days when the beautiful Lucy Banning was first married to the wealthy heir to the Bradbury millions, no limit was placed upon expenditures that had pleasure as their aim, or spectacular display as their result. Before the days of the automobile, John Bradbury boasted about the fastest horses in Southern California, even contesting this honor with Lucky Baldwin himself, and nothing pleased him better than to drive his turnout at break-neck speed down Spring street—for Broadway was not yet discovered—and see the wayfarers scatter. It was fun while it lasted, and it is a good thing it all came before the days of the automobile with its increased potentialities for accident. That John Bradbury died comparatively poor is not surprising, but the other members of the family succeeded better with their inheritances, and Lewis Bradbury and the sisters, Mrs. I. H. Polk, and Misses Louisa and Simona Bradbury redeem the family name and fame. It is not that John Bradbury was to blame for his highly colored career—he was a typical product of the conjunction of the picturesque, pleasure-loving Spanish regime, with the energy of the gringos.



By W. Francis Gates

In the last decade, Los Angeles has been growing as an opera town, though in former seasons there has not been so much promised as there is for 1913-14. Opera companies must make more profits here than in the east to sustain themselves as there is a transportation bill of 1500 miles taxed against this city. Houston, Texas, has come on the map as a paying three day stand, which reduces the proportion of transportation cost somewhat, and Denver also pays its pay. But a Los Angeles engagement must pay from \$4,000 to \$8,000 more to show as much profit as—Cleveland, for instance, as there is that much additional transportation bill. And when one tries to get, say \$7,000 more out of a week or two of performances here, he does not have to back the ponies to enjoy a nice little game of chance.

But there is one crackerjack of a gambler who has played the game year after year—Mario Lambardi. And he has found Los Angeles to be his meal ticket. When other Pacific coast cities were coy and elusive, the aged Mario could float his company into Los Angeles and recoup his losses elsewhere. And well it was for Los Angeles, for in several consecutive seasons, at times, it heard no opera but what he provided. Frequently, he would have good singers; then again, he didn't. When they were good, an eastern company would attract them—Russo, Colamariani, Maggi, Adaberto, Padovani—but Italy always has a new crop to choose from. Occasionally, Henry Savage has sent us a good company and orchestra in English opera, and he was given a week of full houses. Since the Metropolitan Company had its big scare at San Francisco, in 1906, it has not mustered up courage sufficient for a coast trip. But last season, the Chicago Dippel Company took its place and exceeded its records.

Los Angeles' next season of opera is to be opened by the Tivoli Company, from San Francisco, singing at the Auditorium, under the management of L. E. Behymer for a month, beginning October 13. It will revive the Gilbert and Sullivan and other light operas, while the Western Metropolitan (Italian) opera company is occupying the Tivoli theater. Then the latter company comes down to Los Angeles and stays a month—possibly more if the welcome is sufficient. The Italians are good stayers. This company has secured Leoncavallo as conductor and its leading singers are Carmen Melis, Conchita Superba (of Lisbon), Seguerola and others.

In the middle of February, the Montreal opera company will visit the Auditorium under the Behymer management, singing German, English and French opera. The artists will include Mme. Galski and Marie Rappold and will sing "Lohengrin," "Samson and Dalilah," "Giocondo," "Tannhauser" and other leading operas.

Altogether, the season of 1913-14 promises a richness of operatic and other music unequalled by any city in the country, save New York, Boston, Chicago and possibly Philadelphia. Besides the long list of operatic stars included in the rosters of the above companies, thirty of the greatest soloists playing in America this year will be heard in Los Angeles, several of

them more than once. Seventy-eight a dozen choral concerts. So there will be no lack of musical fare in Los Angeles this season. Enough music is promised to supply a city of two millions; and yet the managers expect our half-million to pay for all this.

With its great list of principals, the Chicago Grand Opera Company opens its season here covering two weeks in March. The following works are now promised, though changes may be made: "Parsifal," "Lohengrin," "Tosca," "Salome," "Louise," "Pagliacci," "The Barber of Seville," "Jewels of the Madonna," "Mme. Butterfly," "Rigoletto," "Manon," "Zingari," etc. While this will be the largest and most complete company the price of seats will be one dollar less than last year.

Using the first floor as a comparison, the Chicago opera seats will be \$5, those for the Montreal company will be \$4, and for the Italian company, \$2, so all pocketbooks can be suited. With Leoncavallo conducting his own "I Pagliacci" and his new "Zingari" with such singers as Meris, Superba and Seguerola, this company will certainly give as much for the money as any. And it also announces "Othello" and possibly "Hamlet," two operas not previously heard on this stage.

Henry Schoenfeld has been elected director of the Los Angeles Woman's Orchestra. In this, the fifty young women who comprise the orchestra have shown excellent judgment. For twenty years, this organization was under the direction of Harley Hamilton, its founder. The orchestra never has been a commercial proposition. It was created to give its members opportunity for ensemble playing and from that time the long series of concerts that has marked its career. The concerts have been given simply to add to the educational features of Los Angeles and not from any hope of salaries or profit. Naturally, in such an amateur organization, there has been much change of personnel, but the result shows a large number of women who have had the culture and drill of playing a good grade of music under a competent conductor. But few of the original members of the orchestra now are playing in it, and they were quite young at its start.

At sixty-seven a singer has long been sung out; but at sixty-seven a pianist is far from being played out—Carl Fealton proved it at the Gamut Club last Tuesday night in his recital given to the members of the club and to the New England Conservatory former pupils in goodly numbers. Mr. Fealton played a taxing program, one which showed the largeness of his powers and gave a hint of what he was in his prime. For several months he has been traveling and visiting—which is not conducive to a good concert condition. But his playing of the several Rubinstein numbers, of the Beethoven sonata No. 111 and of the difficult allegro from the Chopin concerto, opus 4, proved his broad technical abilities and that the warmth and sentiment of life are not dimmed. Possibly an occasional note was missing—but one remembers that Rubinstein said he used to "drop enough notes under the piano in the course of a concert tour to make a whole concerto." It is needless to say that the player received an unusually warm

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Afternoon Tea from four to six

FIFTY CENTS

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.
July 17, 1913.

013716 Not coal lands
NOTICE is hereby given that Cylurus W. Logan, of Box 356, Sawtelle, Cal., who, on August 17, 1911, made Homestead Entry No. 013716, for W $\frac{1}{2}$ NW $\frac{1}{4}$ Sec. 22, E $\frac{1}{2}$ NE $\frac{1}{4}$ Sec. 21, Township 1 S., Range 13 W., S. B. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make five year (Soldiers' & Sailors' Act) proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before the Register and Receiver, United States Land Office, at Los Angeles, California, on the 5th day of September, 1913, at 10:00 o'clock a. m.
Claimant names as witnesses: Joseph Anker, of Santa Monica, Cal.; John Riley, of Sawtelle, Cal.; William D. Newell, of Los Angeles, Cal.; Charles Johnson, of Santa Monica, Cal.
FRANK BUREN, Register.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.
August 2, 1913.

Non-coal. 012685.
NOTICE is hereby given that William A. Lockwood, of Santa Monica, Cal., who, on April 3, 1911, made Homestead entry No. 012685, for E $\frac{1}{2}$ NW $\frac{1}{4}$, NE $\frac{1}{4}$ SW $\frac{1}{4}$, Section 26, Township 1 S., Range 18 W., S. B. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make commutation proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, at Los Angeles, Cal., on the 22d day of September, 1913, at 10:00 o'clock a. m.
Claimant names as witnesses: William D. Newell, of West 1st St., Los Angeles, Cal.; Joseph A. Anker, of Santa Monica, Cal.; Edward A. Mellus, of Santa Monica, Cal.; Joseph Hunter, of Calabasas, Cal.
FRANK BUREN, Register.

welcome, the audience including a number of his former pupils and members of the eastern conservatory of which he was the head. His playing showed why for a quarter of a century he has stood in the front rank of Boston pianists and was delightful for its spirit and breadth of style.

With the example of the Symphony Orchestra before it, in choosing a new and, to us, untried conductor, the Womens' Orchestra selects one of the most successful conductors of the West, in Henry Schoenfeld. He is a composer of no little success, having taken the Marteau prize, for violin and sonata, and having at times conducted the Thomas and other orchestras of note. If the members of the orchestra will submit to the rigid drill they are likely to have at Mr. Schoenfeld's hands, the organization will continue on the upward path it has been pursuing for several years. In the matter of concerts, it will be necessary to interest a large number of persons as supporting associate members and to give the concerts in the evening, instead of afternoon, as was the custom for the last year or two, if good audiences are expected. But it is probable that in the face of the uncertainty which marks orchestral conditions here this season, two other bands of players contending for public support, the management of this orchestra will be conservative in its plans.

"The New American Drama," by Richard Burton, Professor of English in the University of Minnesota, is one of the books which the Thomas Y. Crowell Company will publish in September. The chief aim of Dr. Burton has been "to trace the growth of a native drama on American soil, in place of the foreign importations so long the dominating influence." Particular attention is paid to recent productions by American playwrights.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.
July 8, 1913.

Not coal lands 016097.
NOTICE is hereby given that John W. F. Diss, whose post-office address is 302 Stimson Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal., did, on the 29th day of July, 1912, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application No. 016097, to purchase the SW $\frac{1}{4}$ SW $\frac{1}{4}$, Sec. 27, Lots 1, 2, Sec. 33, Lot 4, Section 34, Township 1 South, Range 18 West, S. B. Meridian, and the stone thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisal, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and stone thereon have been appraised, at \$343.70, the stone estimated at \$171.85 and the land \$171.85; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 24th day of September, 1913, before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, at Los Angeles, California.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.
July 5, 1913.

Not coal lands 0016654.
NOTICE is hereby given that Monroe J. Groshong, whose post-office address is Box 51, Owensmouth, California, did, on the 17th day of October, 1912, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application No. 016654, to purchase Lot 1, Section 27, Township 2 North, Range 17 West, S. B. Meridian, and the stone thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisal, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and timber thereon have been appraised, at \$29.25, the stone estimated at \$29.25 and the land nil; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 23rd day of September, 1913, before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, at Los Angeles, California.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.,
July 21, 1913.

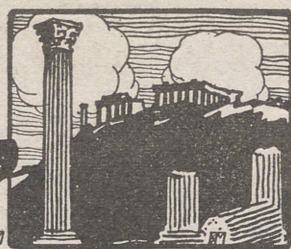
014048. Non-coal.
NOTICE is hereby given that Charles A. Foote, of Los Angeles, Cal., who, on Oct. 14, 1911, made Homestead entry No. 014048, for SE $\frac{1}{4}$ SE $\frac{1}{4}$ Sec. 20, W $\frac{1}{2}$ SW $\frac{1}{4}$ Sec. 21, Lot 2, Sec. 28, Township 1 S., Range 19 W., S. B. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make three year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, at Los Angeles, Cal., on the 10th day of September, 1913, at 10:00 o'clock a. m.
Claimant names as witnesses: E. F. Decker, of Los Angeles, Cal.; Fred Vaughan, of Cornell, Cal.; Oscar Keffler, of Santa Monica, Cal.; Eugene Kincaid, of Los Angeles, Cal.
FRANK BUREN, Register.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.
July 11, 1913.

013250 Non-coal.
NOTICE is hereby given that Ruth A. See, widow of George F. See, deceased, of Cornell, California, who, on June 1, 1911, made homestead entry No. 013250, for E $\frac{1}{2}$ NE $\frac{1}{4}$ Sec. 20, W $\frac{1}{2}$ NW $\frac{1}{4}$ Sec. 21, Township 1 S., Range 19 W., S. B. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make commutation proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, at Los Angeles, Cal., on the 21st day of August, 1913, at 10:00 o'clock a. m.
Claimant names as witnesses: George Francis, Elmer M. Smashy, St. Elmo B. W. Wright, Charles M. Decker, all of Cornell, Cal.
FRANK BUREN, Register.



Art



By Everett C. Maxwell

According to H. L. Mencken the average American has no eye for harmonious effects, no appreciation of beauty for its own sake; and in none of the arts is this lack so evident as in architecture, is his word in the September Smart Set. "No distinctly American type has arisen, and the average American home remains as ugly and as undistinguished as a Zulu kraal. In its essence, it is simply a square box. And from that archetype it proceeds upward, not through degrees of beauty, but through degrees of hideousness. The more it is plastered with ornament, the more vulgar and forbidding it becomes. The more it is adorned with color, the more the color becomes a madness, a debauch, a public indecency. Take a train ride through any American state and you will be sickened by the chaotic ugliness of the flitting villages—houses sprawling and shapeless, green shutters upon lemon yellow churches, a huge advertising sign upon every flat wall, an intolerable effect of carelessness, ignorance, squalor, bad taste and downright viciousness. But make the same sort of journey through France or Germany—say from Bremer to Munich or from Paris to Lyons—or through Austria, or Switzerland, or Italy, and you will be charmed by the beautiful harmony visible on all sides, the subordination of details to general effects, the instinctive feeling for color, and sound grouping, the constant presence of a tradition and a style. The design of the peasant homes changes twenty times between Westphalia and the Alps, but in every change there is a subtle reflection of the physical environment, and an unmistakable expression of human aspiration, worldly estate and character. I don't know any ugly village between Bremen and Munich, nor even a village without its distinction, its special beauty, its individual charm. But I don't know of a village between Washington and Chicago that is not frankly appalling."

I believe it was Max Nordau who once stated that "if a man feels definitely as regards certain pictures that they are valueless and unmeaning, he has a right to express it as strongly and honestly as he feels it, even though millions declare that they discover all kinds of loveliness and depths of meaning in them." One reason why I quote this rather sweeping assertion at this time is that it bears heavily upon the subject of art criticism and I am at times deeply interested in that topic. Another reason, and perhaps the best, is that it opens up a line of thought that is decidedly meaty. To whom did Nordau refer when he said "if a man feels—"? Assume that you never read more of Nordau than the paragraph quoted and have no idea what went before or came after. Do you think he meant the well informed critic, the average picture lover, the layman, or the person who "doesn't know anything about art" but knows what she, he, or it likes? If the famous Hungarian means any one of these, he is no doubt slightly at fault. He continues, "even if millions declare that they discover all kinds of loveliness and depths of meaning." There you are. I side every time with the millions. Ibsen wrote "An Enemy to Society" in order to expound to the world his theory that the majority is always wrong. So it is in matters of everyday life, in church, in society, and state, but if a million, or even a hun-

dred, "find loveliness and hidden depths" in a work of art, I wager there is something fairly good about the thing.

* * *

Nordau, you will observe, says that "if a man feels—." Ah, that is indeed a very different matter. How many men or women really feel a work of art? Perhaps, one in every five hundred. They may see it reasonably well, but to feel it, never while time lasts. Nordau was just what most art writers are, he projected his ego to its last limit and became a super-individualist. His opinion was worth something to all the world because it was worth so much to himself. Right and proper. Individual opinion is worth just as much as the mind of the man who utters it is worth and that may be much or little.

* * *

Art critics, of course, must possess technical training, they must know what constitutes a good work of art. After this knowledge comes feeling, the one and only sure and safe course to true and uplifting criticism. And, unfortunately, this quality cannot be begged, borrowed or stolen, it comes not at one's bidding, and neither time, money nor education will bring it to the person who was not born with it. Western criticism is rapidly becoming a joke. Seldom, if ever, do we find a sincere or even a truthful treatment of facts concerning an art exhibit or a play. The San Francisco newspapers treat art and the drama as mere space-fillers, and conditions in Los Angeles are equally deplorable. The artist has a right at all times to due consideration and when he is not getting it from the press and the public, it is not unreasonable to demand justice.

* * *

From a friend who is studying art conditions in the eastern art centers I am in receipt of the following newspaper clipping from Philadelphia, which will, no doubt, interest a large number of readers: "It has just been discovered that a famous allegorical masterpiece that has been missing for centuries has been hidden in the Willsatch collection in Memorial Hall in this city. For years this painting has been known under another name. Listed in the noted collection as the property of the city, for nine years it has hung upon the walls as 'Youth and Love' by Carlo Dolci. In 1904, John G. Johnson while abroad bought it, with eighty-four other valuable paintings, and presented it to the city upon his return to Philadelphia. With the idea of improving some of the famous paintings in the collection, Mr. Johnson, as the head of the city's art commission, engaged Pasquale Farina to restore some of the works of art that adjoin this gallery in Fairmont Park. The paint that had altered the original Dolci puzzled the famous restorer. He studied the painting that had been changed to a meaningless composition. He realized that Dolci was a painter who always took sacred subjects for his themes, and he realized that the work in its present state meant nothing. The restorer called into play all of his ingenuity, and when he had convinced himself that the painting had a history he went to work to begin the removal of the paint that he believed was hiding a dark secret. Little by little the colors that had been added to the original were removed, and when he had finished his work, there was revealed one of Dolci's most treasured works, 'Salome with the Head of



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"International Studio" for August opens with a review of "Contemporary Spanish Painting at the Art Institute in Chicago." Oakley Hurst tells of "The Landscape Paintings of Charles M. Gere," Henri Frants writes of "The Roucort Collection" and treats of the "Works of Millet." George Brochner contributes the first of a series of articles on "The Chateau of Rosenbourg, Copenhagen, and Its Collection." "The Original Etchings of Donald Shaw MacLaughlin" is the subject treated by E. A. Taylor, and Edna M. Owings tells of "Art of Alice Schille." "Studio Talk," "Art School Notes," "Reviews and Notices," and "The Lay Figure" complete the table of contents.

John the Baptist.' It belonged years ago to Cardinal Fisher at the Vatican in Rome, but how it came to be covered up and disguised in the shape Mr. Johnson found it will remain forever a mystery."

* * *

Monday of this week was opening day at the new art gallery in the Copp Building and like most opening days at art salons a state of general chaos reigned. I visited the gallery in the afternoon and found a goodly number of visitors enjoying the portion of the exhibit that was already in place. Many of the canvases were still stacked against the walls and the busy exhibitors were running hither and yon with hammer and nails, screw eyes, wire and varnish pots. Wm. Swift Daniell stood upon a high stool and seemed to be the majordomo of the occasion and Frank Coburn and Martin Jackson were having difficulty in placing their canvases in a proper light. Maynard Dixon dashed in at the eleventh hour with "The Last Warrior" and "The Horse Corral" under his arm. Typical of the artist, he "had plumb forgotten the thing opened that day." Two painters whose works were already hung dropped in to make suggestions and casually remarked that "they could paint much better pictures than Mr. So-and-so and didn't see why they shouldn't have a better place on the line." Of course there was no catalogue. There never is opening day. However, the gallery is a good one and long before this article went to press everything was in apple-pie order and the room presented a lovely appearance.

* * *

The gallery consists of a suite of three commodious rooms opening one into the other. The largest of these will be used for the old studies, while gallery B will serve as a watercolor room. The third and smallest will be given over to sketches, unframed studies, etchings, and prints. Artists who are exhibiting at this time are Helena

Social & Personal

Wednesday evening, at St. John's Episcopal Church, Miss Genevieve Wilson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Porter Keller of Budlong avenue, became the bride of Joseph Randolph Coffman. The ceremony was read by the Rev. George Davidson at St. John's Episcopal Church, which was beautifully decorated with carnations and ferns. The bridal gown was of white charmeuse with embroidery of pearls and touches of shadow lace. The wedding veil was that worn by the matron of honor, Mrs. Arthur Davis at her own wedding last year, and the bridal bouquet was of orchids and lilies of the valley. Mrs. Davis, who attended the bride, wore her own wedding gown of white satin, and her bouquet was an armful of pink roses. Mr. Cary Coffman attended the groom, and Messrs. Nelson Coffman, Samuel Coffman, Roy Hornidge and Raymond Willard were ushers. After the ceremony the bride's grandmother, Mrs. R. L. Winston and her aunt, Miss Jennie Winston, gave a reception for her at their home on Budlong avenue. Mr. and Mrs. Coffman are enjoying a trip to Virginia, and will return to make their home here.

Miss Alice Cline, whose marriage to Mr. Stanley Guthrie is to take place in September is having the time before her wedding filled with attentions from her large circle of girl friends. Miss Cline has always been a favorite with the Marlborough coterie, and is being showered with affairs. Monday evening Mrs. Stanley Visel is to give a dinner for her at her home in St. Andrews place, for the bridal party which includes Miss Frances Richards, who is to be maid of honor, Mrs. William Stone, matron of honor, Miss Constance Cline, Miss Helen Montague and Miss Lillian Van Dyke, bridesmaids. Mrs. Visel is also to be a matron of honor. Mr. Harry Seward is to serve Mr. Guthrie as best man, and the ushers will include Brace Carter, Carol Owens, Sterling Jeffers, William Stone and Stanley A. Visel. Miss Helen Montague is to entertain with a dinner dance at the Alexandria Sept. 3, and Miss Frances Richards is to give a similar affair Sept. 6. Mrs. Kenyon Farrar Lee will give a reception for Miss Cline, who is planning a dinner for her bridal party just before the wedding. There are several other dates to be filled, before this popular girl enters the growing ranks of young matrons.

Miss Ruth Larned, whose marriage to Richard Heimann of San Francisco is to be solemnized next week, has been guest of honor at many functions this week. Tuesday afternoon Mrs. Harold Janss and Mrs. Malcolm McNaghten entertained for her at the Los Angeles Country Club, and Mrs. Forrest Q. Stanton of Gramercy place gave an informal bridge in her honor the same afternoon. Guests included Mrs. Edwin Janss, Mrs. Raymond Bradford, Mrs. Arthur Bumiller, Mrs. Roy Brooks King, Mrs. Roy Bayley, Mrs. William Oliver, Mrs. Irving Hall Mayfield, Mrs. J. M. Haenke, Mrs. Louis Tolhurst, Mrs. Harry Borden, Mrs. Kenyon Lee, Mrs. Vernon Smith, Miss Florence Clark, Miss Elizabeth Bishop and Miss Gertrude Brainard. Monday afternoon Miss Larned entertained with a kitchen shower at her home on South Alvarado street for Miss Florence Clark, who is also a bride-elect, and yesterday afternoon Miss Clark reciprocated with a luncheon in her honor.

Miss Groff, daughter of Judge and Mrs. Lewis A. Groff of Irda street, was

married Wednesday evening to Mr. Woodford Davisson, the service being read by the Rev. Stanton Hodgkin. Only intimate friends and relatives witnessed the ceremony, which took place at the family home at nine o'clock. A color scheme of pink and green was used in the decorations for the house and the supper tables. The bride was attired in a gown of white crepe de chine and brocaded chiffon. She wore a tulle veil and varried a shower of white roses. Mrs. Mary Jenkins and Miss Dorothea Groff attended their sister, and Mr. Shirley Olympus was best man. After the wedding supper Mr. and Mrs. Davisson left for a honeymoon trip, and on their return will reside here.

Miss Elizabeth Caldwell, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward B. Caldwell, has decided upon Wednesday, September 10 as the date of her marriage to Mr. King C. Gillette, the ceremony to take place in Saint Stephen's Church at Hollywood. Miss Ruth Anderson is to attend Miss Caldwell, and Mr. Clarence Mattinson, fiance of Miss Anderson, is to act as best man. The ushers will be Mr. Stanley Anderson and Mr. John Jewelllyn.

Mr. and Mrs. Roland Bishop have returned to their home in Ellendale place after a stay in the mountains.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Hyde Braly, who have been motoring through the north, are once more at home at 238 St. Andrews place.

Mrs. Edward B. Tufts and her daughter, Miss Marjorie Tufts, will leave next week for San Francisco en route for a tour of the world.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Avery McCarthy and Miss Aileen McCarthy are at Del Monte for the golf tournaments.

Miss Louise Burke has returned from the east, where she enjoyed all the big polo games. She has passed the last two weeks at Santa Barbara.

At the meeting of the Drama League at Choral Hall next Thursday evening, Miss Ida M. Leonard, who is well known as an authority on the drama, will read John Galsworthy's "Justice."

Mr. and Mrs. James C. Kays have returned from a month at Bear Valley. Miss Ruth Kays, who with Mrs. John F. Francis has been enjoying a trip abroad, is expected home next month. They will sail from Liverpool the middle of September.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Travis Greaves of Hotel Beverly Hills announce the engagement of their daughter, Miss Florence Greaves, to Mr. Charles Kindness Moore.

Mr. and Mrs. John Gaffey and their daughter and son, Miss Margaret Gaffey and Mr. Tracy Gaffey, have returned from abroad and are once more established in the beautiful home, "La Rambla" at San Pedro.

Mr. and Mrs. Ozro W. Childs of St. James Park are in Santa Barbara, where they will be joined by their debutante daughter, Miss Emmeline Childs, who has been visiting in San Francisco.

Mrs. Harry G. Holabird and her children have returned from the mountains.

Dr. and Mrs. Henderson Hayward and little daughter and Mrs. L. H. Ayres are enjoying a stay at Coronado.

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and Mrs. W. T. Hook, the Misses Hook, Miss Parrett, Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Garvey, Mr. A. E. Lyon, Mrs. George S. Sweet and Mr. Edwin Brent, Jr.

Mr. and Mrs. Alden W. Skinner, who have been at Thun, Lake Geneva, for the summer, will pass the winter in Geneva, planning to return here in the spring.

"Holding-the-Good-Thought" Play

"Recently 'The Seventh Chord' by Ashley Miller had its try out. It is doubtful if it will have any more. There are only four characters, a boarding-house keeper named Mrs. Love, a slavey, an impecunious writer of operas and a light opera singer out of a job. Mrs. Love believes in holding the good thought, and she does it in spite of difficulties, to the advantage of all who come in contact with her. At the rise of the curtain she and this slavey are busy arranging an attic room that Mrs. Love must let if she is going to pay her rent. The slavey can't see why anybody should mount three flights of stairs and give up good money for the privilege of continuing to do it. Miss Love closes her eyes. She is holding the thought. She knows that some one will come and she wishes with all her heart and mind that he will come that day. Upon the scene breaks the opera singer. She wears silk stockings and the other things that go with them. It is hard on Mrs. Love that she should spend money for them instead of paying her board, but Mrs. Love understands that she must look like ready money if she is ever going to get a job. And Mrs. Love in spite of the fact that she needs that money to pay her rent is sure that the singer has a beautiful soul and that if she holds the thought hard enough the soul will find expression. And so she tells the slavey, for the slavey has a beautiful soul too in Mrs. Love's thought. And pretty soon the slavey in response to various kindnesses and persistent belief in her soul-beauty begins to expand and to be the beautiful soul that Mrs. Love insists that she is. * * *

Soon upon the scene appears Chester. He has wandered about in search of a room that his few pennies will pay for, but the attic seems hardly consonant with the dignity of an opera writer and he is about to leave when Mrs. Love reminds him that many geniuses have flourished in an attic and suggests that possibly he may find the thought good for him. He decides to stay and risk the price, \$3.00 a week, or, rather, believe in himself to the extent of that amount. The magic of his appearance in spite of his lack of money convinces the little slavey of the efficacy of Mrs. Love's thought. And his music charms her, it seems very wonderful to her that it really comes out of his head. Then the singer appears and literally falls upon his neck when she hears that he has written an opera with a part which she can sing. But she falls off again when she learns that it is not yet accepted. However, on the chance of a success for both of them she promises to learn the role and use what little influence she has to secure a hearing. There is a long period of waiting with all the discouragements that go with it. The girl learns the role and the enchanted slavey listens outside the door and worships Chester and the music from afar. A hearing is promised and hope burns high. But on the appointed day the manager comes back to his attic to hear from Vera that she will not sing the role. She has wasted too much time already and doesn't propose to waste any more. But Mrs. Love and the slavey hold the good thought and incidentally the slavey prevents Chester from committing suicide when he learns that Mrs. Love is threatened with eviction because she is behind fifty dollars with the rent. He owes three months and has not a sou. Vera owes any number of months and continues to buy new clothes. At the critical moment the manager relents

and sends a messenger post haste to say that he will hear them at once if they will come. They waste no time and indeed are back before the slavey has finished telling Mrs. Love about the poison that she had prevented Chester from taking, with the promise of a contract signed that afternoon. * * *

Rehearsals are hurriedly put through and the time of the performance is soon at hand. That day the manager makes important changes which must be written by the composer and rehearsed by the star. But the recalcitrant diva is busy buying finery and deciding that in spite of the fact that she has promised not only to sing in Chester's opera but to be his indefinitely, this day of the performance is a good one on which to run off with the owner of the house from which the landlady stands in imminent danger of being evicted. She goes and Mrs. Love and the slavey are in despair after holding the good thought so long. Mrs. Love is almost down and out but the slavey comes to the rescue. After a moment of agonized silence she turns to Mrs. Love and says "I am ready," signifying that she is ready to sing the chief role in Chester's opera. And just to show she can she sings a line or two. She has stood outside the door while Chester was coaching the real star and knows all the tricks. It is nothing short of a miracle. Their faith and her touching singing of a song called consolation convinces the broken hearted composer and she is taken off in triumph to sing the role. After it is all over Chester is telling her what a triumph they have made together and what it has meant to him when in comes Vera. She was thrown down by the other man when she told him that she was "not that kind of a woman" and she has come back to say to Chester that she is sorry and that she is glad to hear that she did not completely kill the opera. It is then disclosed to her who sang the role and after a touching scene of explanation the curtain comes down with the two girls clasped in the ample arms of Mrs. Love. This play may mean something to believers in mental influence, but it is a little bit too highly colored for those who have hoped and worked and prayed for this chance that comes to the slavey. By thinking one does not add a cubit to one's stature.

ANNE PAGE.

New York, Aug. 18, 1913.

Notes From Bookland

Arnold Bennett is now in his new home, a Jacobean mansion in Essex, near a town with the quaint name of Thorpe Le Soken.

"Comrade Yetta" has gone into a new edition, its third. The Macmillan Company has also reprinted Masefield's "The Everlasting Mercy."

Irving Bacheller, responsible for "The Turning of Griggsby," is cutting down trees at Robinwood, his thousand-acre Adirondack camp.

Rex Beach's summer is being passed at his home, high up on the slopes of Lake Topatcong, where he has finished work on his new Alaskan story to be published this fall.

In "Out of the Dark," Helen Keller writes on the condition of woman in modern society, the higher education of woman, blindness and its prevention, the education of the blind, and other related questions.

The story is told of Jeremy Bentham that being invited by his friend Romilly to dine with him and another friend named Wilson, he replied: "Dear Romilly: If nothing to say. Why meet? If anything, why Wilson? Yours very truly, Jeremy Bentham."

An anonymous story, "The Confessions of a Debutante," tells how Peggy, reared in Paris, but resolutely American, and of divers social experiences

Here's a Thought for the Discriminating Advertiser

Sixty per cent of the California Club membership receives The Graphic weekly, a goodly share of the Jonathan Club members take it and in the University Club, Union League and the Beloved Sunset Club it has a fine representation.

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S. T. CLOVER - - - Editor and Publisher
THE GRAPHIC, 403-4 San Fernando Building, Los Angeles.

of her first season. Grant Richards also writes of Paris, but there is nothing simple or tranquil about his "Valentine." The hero's work lies in London, his play in Paris, and the conflict between the two is decidedly stirring.

Fleming H. Revell Company will publish this month "The Lady Elect: A Chinese Romance," by Norman Hinsdale Pitman, author of "Chinese Fairy Stories," etc. It is said to be the only novel in recent years dealing throughout with Chinese life and romance. "The Lady Elect" will be illustrated with twelve drawings by a Peking artist.

Among the fall books of Longmans, Green & Co. is "Anglo-Indian Studies," by S. M. Mitra, author of "Indian Problems," "Life of Sir John Hall," etc. Among the subjects treated are "Christian and Hindu War Ethics," "British Statesmanship and Indian Psychology," "Hindu Mind Training," and "A New Port for Ocean Liners," between Bombay and Colombo.

For very little girls Miss Lucy Fitch Perkins has added "The Irish Twins" to her series of "Twins," and shows how Irish Larry and Eileen live in their own home, and Mrs. Clara Louise Eurnham's "The Golden Dog" should be pleasing to all readers, for much happens to the last dog before he and his boy finder make their way back to his mistress and discover that she is a Princess, no less.

"Fanny's" latest book, "Four Mothers at Chautauqua," gives an intimate picture of the well-known summer school, depicting the reunion last summer of the class of '87. Portraits of Bishop Vincent, of Lewis Miller, whose wealth endowed Chautauqua; of Fanny herself, and of her niece, Grace Livingston Lutz, besides pictures of important sites and buildings, illustrate the volume. On the cover is the Golden Gate, of which all Chautauquans, old and young, know the meaning, and

through which all of them pass once and only once. The book will be published by the Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co., the first of their second group of novels for 1913.

It is rumored in New York—backed by what degree of veracity we know not—that Edwin Bjorkman, who holds himself out as the translator of Strindberg's plays, is really no such thing. It is said that as a matter of fact there never was such a person as Strindberg, but that Bjorkman has created the Strindberg myth, written all Strindberg's plays himself, translated them into Swedish and published them in Sweden as the works of the fictitious dramatist. Further investigation will doubtless soon bring the truth of the matter to light.

The "Around-the-World Cook Book" is a new cook book made by Mrs. Mary Barroll, wife of a navy officer, who has traveled in every quarter of the world for many years, and everywhere gathered recipes of the dishes that she found of special excellence. It will be issued by the Century Company this fall. Ruth McEnery Stuart's new autumn book from the same house will be a collection of plantation jingles. The book will be called "Daddy-Do-Funny" from the old plantation philosopher who sings to the pickaninnies around him. The volume contains seventy illustrations by G. H. Clements. Dr. S. Weir Mitchell has written another long novel, "Westways," which will be published by the Century Company shortly. "Westways" is a very charming country estate of middle Pennsylvania in the fifties and sixties; and the story deals with the life and people who call Westways home, and with certain unusual phases of the civil war. The Century Company has imported the illustrations for Kipling's "Jungle Book" made by the English artists Maurice and Edward Detmold, and will issue a new illustrated edition of this classic in the fall.

Cheaters

By Caroline Reynolds

"Six Washington Square," a new comedy of which Winchell Smith and Victor Mapes are guilty, holds the boards at the Morosco theater this week, and the only real value accruing to the offering is that given it by the excellent playing of the majority of the actors. Intrigue and melodrama, even the time-worn resource of a fiery South American senorita bent on vengeance, Wall street and trickery, love and obstacles, a near-Bohemian atmosphere, and half a dozen other ingredients go to make up this patchwork play. There are moments which are funny, but analysis reveals that they are funny because of the players, not because of any virtue imparted by the playwrights. In labored fashion it is related that John Livingstone and Mabel Mortimer have been parted by circumstances and an unfeeling mother. When Mabel's father passes on, an unscrupulous admirer who has been in close relationship with her father, tries to force the girl to marry him by tricking her into the belief that there is a stain on her father's name which he can keep obscured—at the price of herself. Naturally, she flees to John with her troubles, and John goes about in whirlwind fashion to defeat the villun and not only reveal his deception but also to confront him with his past in the form of a beauteous South American damsel with a chill on carne disposition. There is scarcely a tangible thread of plot in the comedy, but there is a plethora of unnecessary detail and on several occasions there are a number of characters introduced absolutely without worth, even to lend atmosphere. For a man of Winchell Smith's experience to produce such an amateurish effort seems amazing. In the character of Livingstone Henry Kolker does not strengthen the good impression he made last week. His gestures are meaningless and overdone; he uses his voice with instrumental effect that robs his real moments of sincerity, and his attire militates against the effect of red-blooded force. The comedy of the piece is really carried off by Charles Ruggles, who with a small fund of humor at his disposal, keeps the house a ripple of laughter every moment that he is on the stage. Harrison Hunter is excellently placed as S. K. Davis, the deep-dyed villun, and Howard Scott has one of his capital character roles. Frances Ring, both in appearance and in action, is rarely appealing as Mabel Mortimer, and Grace Valentine is briefly effective as a stenographer. Beatrice Nichols is good to look upon as a French maid, but her accent has strange moods and her habit of gasping at the end of every sentence is irritating. Although she gives an excellent picture of a story-book tropical temperament, Helene Sullivan does not reach the character of the Brazilian beauty, partly because of a costume that is weird beyond expression. The scenic environment is conducive to giggles.

Clever Bill at the Orpheum

Although she is a holdover, Irene Franklin continues to run away with the Orpheum bill. Her cleverness and her personality grow with each succeeding appearance, so that in her second week even the carping are willing to vote her "the best ever." She has several new songs programmed this week, and brings down the house, especially with her old-time favorite,

"Redhead." The headliner of the newcomers is Miss Orford, who has three elephants that lumber through an amazing number of feats. There are two huge creatures who could kill the woman with one blow of their mighty feet, and one "baby" that towers over her forbiddingly, but they respond to her directions as meekly as a litter of kittens. Brent Hayes plays the banjo much better than most performers, but at its best a banjo is a raucous instrument. He even has musical pyrotechnics to offer, giving selections that musicians have declared impossible on a banjo. It almost seems a case of angels fearing to tread, etc. Angela Keir and her company weep through an act of sentimentality entitled, "Sentence Suspended," which appeals to the humor of the audiences rather than to their tenderer emotions. Impersonations of famous musicians have long since lost novelty, and while Lamberti, billed as "the master musician"—for unknown reasons—does very well, he is not well equipped to make a strong impression. Taylor Holmes tells a few stories in entertaining fashion, and recites a Kipling ballad to the satisfaction of his hearers, and even perpetrates a song. He is not mediocre, but he should be a Chautauqua feature rather than a vaudeville monologist. The Rose Valerio sextette do amazing things on a tight rope, and Pat Rooney and Marion Bent repeat their success of last week.

Offerings For Next Week

Jack Lait's new drama, "Help Wanted," which has been in rehearsal at the Morosco for two weeks, will have its premiere at that theater Sunday afternoon. It is a comedy drama, for although it deals with a big problem of our social life, it is not a preachment. Henry Kolker will be seen in the chief masculine role of Jerrold R. Scott, a wealthy and prosperous business man, the first straight dramatic part he has had since coming to the Morosco. Frances Ring is cast as Katherine Wiggins, and Grace Valentine will have a big role as Gertrude Meyers, the central figure of the drama. Charles Ruggles will also have a big opportunity as the son, Jack Scott, and Harrison Hunter should be seen to exceptional advantage as George Stuart, Scott's attorney. Lillian Elliott's abilities will have ample scope as Mrs. Meyers, and the part of Mrs. Scott has been given to Helene Sullivan. After an absence of many weeks, James K. Applebee will return to the Morosco stage, and other popular members of the organization will be seen in minor roles. Franklyn Underwood, the new director of the Morosco company, is expending every effort to bring the play to a perfect production.

"Madame Sherry," now in its fifth week at the Burbank, continues to break every record established at this record-breaking theater. The performance has received the unanimous approbation of critic and public, the latter demonstrating its approval by crowding the house at every performance for five weeks, and making it necessary for the management to announce a sixth week to begin Sunday afternoon. Selma Paley has completely recovered from her slight indisposition, and her voice is in better condition than ever, while others of the cast continue to distinguish themselves in their various roles. Grace Travers is one of the big hits of the production in the role of the Irishwoman, and Percy Bronson and Winnie Baldwin, in their

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dancing and singing specialties are assisting in the success of the musical comedy. Several new features have been added, including Oliver Morosco's latest song, "My Wonderful Dream-Girl," given by Miss Paley in an effective setting.

Headlining the Orpheum bill which opens Monday matinee, August 25, will be Gus Edwards' latest production, the "Kid Kabaret." This is formed of a number of highly trained youngsters who in a cabaret setting give a long series of songs, dances and mirth-provoking stunts. There are twenty of these lively youngsters including Eddie Cantor and George Jessel and Alice Harty. A clever young woman known as "Phina" comes as a singer, dancer and entertainer, with a bunch of "picks" to aid her. Harry Devine and Belle Williams will offer broad travesty in "The Salesman and the Female Drummer" wherein they tell many jokes and drive a good trade in the fun business. Fiddler & Skelton are colored comedians who sing, play and impersonate. Sheldon is a pianist who features trick playing and Fiddler is a mimic. A novelty in the spectacular line will be "The Sinking of the Titanic," Klein's original mechanical and electrical depiction of the great disaster. This is not a moving picture stunt, but a reproduction in miniature of the tragedy. Madame Orford and her wonderful elephants will remain over, as will Taylor Holmes and Lamberti, the protean musician. In the orchestral program will be two new compositions by Mrs. Baker P. Lee of this city.

Aristotle's "Poetics" has just been translated and adapted by Lane Cooper of Cornell University and published by Ginn & Co., to meet the needs of the modern student. Explanation and comments have been introduced into the body of the text, and Aristotle's examples have been supplemented by others from English literature. The result, while probably horrifying to an inmate of Christ Church, Oxford, is very likely a useful work.

Harold Bell Wright is an American novelist of the school of the late E. P. Roe, and as popular as the once celebrated Albert Ross. Reviewers never see his books. A Chicago newspaper says an edition of a Wright novel is measured "not by the volume but by the ton." The same authority says: "Who reads Wright? Every one you

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and Jones' Book Store,

226 WEST FIRST ST.

don't know. He is the Dickens of the free-delivery routes, the Dumas of the American countryside." Two of his books, "The Shepherd of the Hills" and "That Printer of Udell's" have had enormous circulations. This author has his special publisher, E. W. Reynolds, who publishes no other books, and collaborates with Wright in dramatizing the novels for the "popular price" theaters. Mr. Wright is highly moral, and his books are full of religious sentiment. Doubtless their influence is good, ventures a New York contemporary.

Pioneering in Arizona

BY THOS. L. SHULTZ

XIX.

While the San Francisco river heads in the White Mountains in central eastern Arizona, the greater portion of its meanderings is in the western part of New Mexico, where after describing practically a fish hook it again enters the state in which it has its source and forms a junction with the Gila in the vicinity of Clifton. For the sake of brevity, "Frisco" is the common term applied to the stream by old timers and by the year 1878 two thriving settlements were located along its banks just over the Arizona line. The upper settlement was known as Keller Valley, numbering fewer than a dozen souls, named after J. H. Keller—formerly a resident of San Bernardino county, Cal., where, it is believed, members of his family are now living—the first pioneer to locate there. Seven miles below was the second and more prominent village of Williams whose inhabitants numbered more than twenty. A few miles still farther below on the stream lived two ranchers named Harrington and Foster. Mineral Creek, a tributary of the "Frisco," entered the latter stream at the upper end of Keller valley. Up this creek about five miles was located the Cooney mine owned by James Cooney who with a friend named Jack Chick lived in a little cabin near by and at times worked on the property.

April 29, 1878, Victoria, a noted White Mountain Apache chief, at the head of his band of about one hundred warriors arrived on the "Frisco" river and attacked the citizens of that section at Keller Valley. At this point, I must digress sufficiently to relate the cause of Victoria's onslaught as told by Mr. Jasper Thomason, now living at 466 East Orange Grove, Pasadena. A year before the above date a band of seven Indians led by a prominent chief of that time named Trevio assaulted six white men in Keller valley, Keller being one of the party. The forenoon of the attack Keller was riding his range and was only a few miles from home and was just entering a canyon that was densely wooded, when he suddenly heard the beat of hoofs and cracking of brush a short distance ahead and in a few moments a riderless Indian pony dragging a few yards of rope popped into view, dashed by and was gone. Keller rode back a short distance and selecting a good ambush where he could conceal himself and horse and watch the trail, calmly awaited further developments. Presently, there filed into view seven Indians. Keller had selected a point for the formal introduction and when the unsuspecting braves arrived at the place, he raised his rifle and fired and had the satisfaction of knowing that his bullet went home by the impromptu manner in which the Indian was unhorsed.

By the way Keller at that time was armed with a Sharps' rifle which was the latest thing in the way of a cartridge firearm, and was ostensibly introduced on the plains for the killing of buffalo. Hence, by some it was called the "Buffalo Buster." It carried an ounce slug which was propelled upon its deadly course by 120 grains of black powder, the report from which to the acute ears of the denizens of the forest must have struck them as "heap big gun." Keller's horse having become unmanageable through fright prevented him from getting another shot, so he let the animal have a free rein for home. Rounding up his neighbors he had six whites to meet the same number of Indians who, he was certain, would put in an appearance. Soon, the Indians came into view but halted beyond range. Acting as if they had another program than immediate attack,

caused the white men to take the initiative, and mounting their horses they sallied forth. Long before the distance was reduced for effective fire from ordinary rifles Keller banged away with his Sharps', probably one thousand yards, which sent the Indians scurrying to cover. Closely pursued, the Indians sought refuge in a wooded ravine where evidently they dismounted and prepared to meet the expected charge from the whites. The settlers had no intention of following the Indians into their retreat and were just about to turn back when Keller's horse received a fatal wound and in falling pinned his rider to the ground. Keller called lustily for help and it was only a matter of a few moments when he was extricated. Handing his rifle to one of the party without picking a safe mount, he caught hold of the next nearest rider and vaulted up behind him. The horse happened to be a "bronco" and in a minute Keller was prone in the dust for the second time. By the time he was on his feet one of the party riding a gentle horse picked him up on the "lope" and the men unhurt, galloped beyond the danger zone.

Returning to Keller's house an hour or so after they saw five Indians (a second one either having been killed or wounded) passing by the valley on the mesa more than a mile away. The whites knowing that the Indians, for want of numbers, would not dare to attack the settlers of Williams Valley, at once came to the conclusion that old Trevio was heading for the ranch of Harrington and Foster. Therefore Keller and party mounted and by riding hard beat the Indians to the place of the two lone ranchers. Like most of the houses of those days, that of Harrington and Foster was one large room built of logs and set back at a distance from the river. A hundred yards in the rear of the house a rather steep hill extended for another hundred yards or so and then broke away for miles into a broad mesa. Midway of the brow of the mesa and the house was the west line of the farm fence. Keller and party arriving at the ranch soon placed all their animals out of sight with the exception of one horse which with a long rope they picketed to the fence between the house and mesa and then carefully concealed themselves. They had not long to wait. Trevio arriving at the edge of the mesa looked over the premises, when with a whoop he and his followers made a dash for the house, evidently intending to use the fence as a barricade if the owners were in the building.

But before the Indians could reach the line of fence Keller and his party flanked them with a deadly fire, instantly killing Trevio and two others. Two escaped the first fire and dashed back on the mesa, but one of these being seriously wounded was followed, overtaken and dispatched within a short distance; the fifth one, probably, also wounded, made his escape. Mistaking that there was a general outbreak of the savages and that this was an advance scouting party, Harrington and Foster joined Keller's party and returned to Williams Valley—not even taking the time to bury or cremate the three dead Indians. Later, it was discovered that a band of hogs, owned by the ranchers had devoured the braves. A New Mexico publication, hearing of the incident printed an article the heading of which glaringly charged the citizens along the "Frisco" with having slaughtered and eaten these three Apaches. Before the conclusion of the article it told how the hogs had devoured the Indians and later how a big silver tip bear had practically cornered and consumed all the pork, and finally came the downfall of old bruin,

to whose pork seasoned flesh reinforced with a slight flavor of Apache, gastronomically speaking, must have proved eminently satisfactory to the pioneers on the "Frisco," and in a roundabout manner justified the bald statement made in the New Mexico Journal.

It was the killing of Trevio and his few followers that nettled old Victoria and it was no doubt the Indian that escaped who told him of Keller's "big gun." At any rate it was only a short time after the fight when Victoria from his retreat in the White Mountains sent a message to Keller, saying that within a year he would come to the "Frisco" after the gun. "True to his word he was there on the date" said Mr. Thomason, "for I remember it was the anniversary of my birth and I was twenty years old that day, the kid pioneer practically of the community." John Meadows, mentioned in a former article, was running a cattle ranch at the time and lived in the upper end of Keller Valley. Cooney and Chick heard that Victoria and his band were a short distance above on the river and came over from the mine to inform Meadows of the fact. John at once started down the river to rouse the citizens while Cooney and his friend returned to their camp. Meadows remonstrated, saying that they would surely be killed. Cooney laughed and jokingly replied, that the Apaches were not yet in possession of the bullet that was to kill him, whereupon the two leaped into their saddles and rode back to the mine. Meadows mounted a mule and headed down the river a la Paul Revere. Having notified the citizens of Keller Valley he rode on to Williams Valley. Here the people soon congregated and seven men volunteered to return with Meadows to assist in the defense of Keller Valley. Of the number returning with Meadows were Bill Wilcox, Pete Carpenter, Geo. Levings, Tom Elliott, Jasper Thomason and two others whose names are forgotten.

As the party started for Keller Valley, Wilcox remarked that he had a feeling that this was going to be his last fight. Several members of the party said if he felt that way that he had better not go, in answer to which, Wilcox replied that he wouldn't miss the sport for anything. The Kellerites had chosen the house of Joseph Roberts, on account of its central location in the valley, in which to make their defense. There were three log cabins built near each other with ample port holes and there was nothing near in any direction to obstruct the view, making it an ideal fortress. As the relief party entered the lower end of Keller Valley they had not proceeded far before they noticed that something unusual was taking place, as bands of frightened horses and cattle were seen careering from off the mesa to the south. As the ranches were all fenced there was only one crossing and that was a lane between two of the farms located almost across the center of the valley below Roberts'. Quite a roundup of stock was being put through the lane from the south by the Indians when the party from Williams Valley arrived at the north end. The stock was checked and turned back, then the party dismounted and jumped into the corners of the fences, which were built of rails in the worm or zig-zag fashion, the Indians at the other end doing likewise—and the fight was on. "It was here that I became acquainted with John Meadows" related Mr. Thomason. "I was squatted down in the corner of the fence, occupying, believe me, as little space as possible, and through an opening between two rails banged away every time I saw the sign of an Indian. John was ensconced right at my back and was using another opening, a rail or two above mine. It was all right in the height of excitement but in time it grew monotonous and toward the last

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(about two hours) when he fired that old 45-90 of his, I thought the top of my head would fly off."

"Finding that they could not force their way through the lane the Apaches finally withdrew, returning in the direction whence they came. I forgot to state that it was in the midst of the melee that an exciting event occurred. James C. Meaders, wife and several children in a light wagon drawn by a pair of fine mules arrived in the zone of the battle on their way to the Roberts' bivouac. The "reds" were in close pursuit of the fleeing team when they came within range of the party in the fence corners. The whites at once turned their fire on the advancing savages which brought them to a sudden halt, permitting the family to proceed to the fort with less danger, though still they were the target for long range shots. Just as Meaders drew up in front of one of the cabins, one of his mules dropped to the ground. The family hurried into the cabin and when the party from the lane arrived later they found the mule dead, it having been shot through the heart, but not one of the family received a scratch."

(To be continued)

Books

Marah Ellis Ryan has written her best book in "The Woman of the Twilight," not only her highest achievement from a literary point of view but in depth of characterization and in her discussion of the rights of the individual to tear the social fabric of conventions. To the Californian the book will have a peculiar interest because of the setting of many of its scenes and the descriptions of familiar places. The conflict of the story is in Monica Wayne, married to a profligate before she is a woman, and Lane Sarget, whose love for her is the current of life. Struggle as she may against the mighty force of his passion, she at last yields, in the conviction that the purity of their love exalts it to sublimity, and that the true marriage is that in which soul and body are mated in obedience of God's decree rather than man-made custom. And then a child comes; a child without a name, weighted from his birth with a burden which must always follow him. To Monica the truth is revealed by the attitude of those who surround her. It is not that she has done wrong in bringing her love to consummation without the service of priest or book; it is the judgment of the world, the mental attitude of men and women which makes it wrong. Laws are not made for the individual; they are made for the good of the whole; and each seceder must affect the entire structure; and it is this that is borne in upon the girl. She knows that she has sinned against her child; that he must fight the battle nameless; that she has not given him an even chance. Yet when the child dies, and her secret is safe, she cannot go on in the old way. She sends Lane out of her life; she reaches the knowledge that marriage is not true marriage unless it can stand before the world unafraid; sanctioned by love and by law. It is this situation which is the real soul of the book; and to it Mrs. Ryan has brought a light that is the essence of tragedy, and yet is uplifting. There is a somber atmosphere through a part of the story; but it is relieved by a deal of humor, a number of merry characters, and interesting pictures of a semi-Bohemian social life. The tale is richly clothed in words and in sentiment; a book much more worth while than the ordinary novel. ("A Woman of the Twilight." By Marah Ellis Ryan. A. C. McClurg Co.)

Hygiene for the Worker

Problems affecting the health conditions of the working man or woman are considered by William H. Tolman, director of the American Museum of Safety of New York City, in "Hygiene for the Worker," a textbook admirably adapted for use in the grades and for vocational and industrial schools. The book deals simply and clearly with the relation of personal appearance and bearing of the applicant for a position to his success in securing employment, with the importance of cleanliness, regular habits and good health physically as factors in holding one's place and winning promotion. Food, dress, recreation and the care of the body are given attention. There is also a view of occupational dangers and of the precautions to be expected of the employer in preserving the health of his employees in the shop, factory or other place of employment, reciting specific provisions of the law in this regard. "First Aid to the Injured" is another interesting chapter, full of useful in-

formation. Assisting Mr. Tolman in the preparation of the book are Adelaide Wood Guthrie, also of the New York American Museum of Safety, and C. Ward Crampton, M. D., director of physical training in the department of education, New York. ("Hygiene for the Worker." By Wm. H. Tolman. American Book Co.)

Glance at the Russian Empire

Latest of Nevin O. Winter's delightful volumes on the less known countries is "The Russian Empire of Today and Yesterday." The author gathered his material while on an extensive tour of the country which he has set forth in an interesting manner. About one-half of the volume is taken up with a description of his travels. As he is a close observer, a faculty made keen by extensive journeys in other foreign countries he has succeeded in condensing in a single volume a lot of important information. In treating of the larger cities of St. Petersburg and Moscow, he has wisely refrained from discursiveness and has given us a picturesque description of only the more important characteristic features. Perhaps, the two most interesting chapters in this purely descriptive portion of his work treat of the Crimea, and Finland and the Finns. After two chapters on education, literature and religion, he devotes the remainder of his study to the rise of the Muscovite power and the history of Russia under the Romanoffs. No attempt is made to set forth the international status of the Empire of today, or of the deeper meanings of Russian character and philosophy. The reader will look in vain for a study of Siberia and its problems. The work is not intended as a profound dissertation, but rather makes its appeal to the popular reader desirous of information concerning a country and a people about which so little is known or attainable. The author discusses in a way that is interesting the usually dry subjects of local and national governments and the complicated system of autocratic bureaucracy; while his descriptions of nihilism, revolution, and the beginnings of representative government are disclosed in a fascinating manner. Numerous pictures, the subjects of which are well chosen but poorly executed, several appendices, and a classified list of books appearing in English, add to the value of the work. This book is published by L. C. Page & Company which is sufficient guarantee of the artistic make-up of the volume. ("The Russian Empire of Today and Yesterday." By Nevin O. Winter. L. C. Page & Co.)

Notes From Bookland

Hall Caine's new novel, "The Woman Thou Gavest Me," which will be published in this country by J. B. Lippincott & Co., next week and has just appeared in London, where it has attracted considerable attention, is thus described by its American publishers: "The author boycotted all the principal libraries, which are the leading book distributors in the Kingdom, and publication day, July 31, they did not have a single copy to sell or lend. Early in the week the Libraries' Association questioned the morality of the novel. The association agreed to supply any private demand for it, but declared they would exclude it from the lending libraries. Mr. Caine held that this was a libel on the morality of the book, and that if it was not fit for general circulation it was not fit for any circula-

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tion. The Libraries' Association thereupon held a number of meetings to discuss the situation. In the meantime Hall Caine telegraphed to many distinguished persons among the clergy and laity requesting their opinions of his book. 'The answers I received,' said the author, 'were almost unanimous in stating that everybody ought to read "The Woman Thou Gavest Me," because it deals with one of the greatest social problems of the day.' The Libraries' Association quickly reconsidered their decision and gave Mr. Caine the necessary assurance that all restrictions had been withdrawn and that his novel would be placed in general circulation, and then only were they able to supply their clamoring subscribers."

"Verity Damaris" is the probable title of a novel by Lucas Malet, daughter of Charles Kingsley, which Dodd, Mead & Co. will publish in the fall. "The Truth About Women," by C. Gasquoine Hartley, (Mrs. Walter Gallie), is another fall book by Dodd, Mead & Co. The author's conclusions, the publishers state, are the outcome of many years' careful study of the conditions of women all over the world, "and result in an outspoken expression of her faith in woman as the predominant and responsible partner in the relations of the sexes." "The Whimsey Girl," another fall book, by Charlotte Canty, is the story of a girl who was born lame and who lives in picturesque poverty in a shack on Telegraph Hill, San Francisco, overlooking San Francisco Bay. "Laddie's Choice," by Mary Thurston Dodge, also to be published by this house, is described as a "genuinely sweet and touching little story, which leaves one with the feeling that it is distinctly worth while, and that one is the better for having read it."

Among the fall books of the George H. Doran Company not previously referred to are "On Nature's Trail: A Wonder Book of the Wild," by F. St. Mars, illustrated; "The Story of Germany," by H. C. Marshall, illustrated; "Game Fishes of the World," by C. F. Hoder, illustrated; "How to Read Shakespeare," by Prof. James Stalker, D. D.; "Mark Rutherford: An Interpretation," by Sir W. Robertson Nicoll, M. A.; "The Spiritual Drama in the Life of Thackeray," by Prof. Nathaniel Wright Stephenson; "Madame Royale," from the French of Ernest Daudet, by Mrs. Rodolph Stawell; "The Passing of the Dragon: The Story of the Shensi Revolution and Relief Expedition," by J. C. Keythe, M. A.; "The Three Godfathers," by Peter B. Kyne, illustrated; "The Sea's Anthology," by J. C. Patterson; "The Woods: Poems," by Douglas Mallach; "A Plea for the Younger Generation," by Cosmo Hamilton; "The Church and the Young Man's Game," by E. J. Miles, illustrated; "Southern Recipes—Tested by Myself," by Laura Thornton Knowles; "J. Cole," by Emma Gellibrand, with illustrations by J. C. Chase, and "Like English Gentlemen: To Peter Scott," by the author of "Where's Master?"

Duffield & Co. have about forty books on their list, including "The Master Passion," by Marguerite Bryant, author of "Christopher Hibbault, Roadmaker;" "Footprints Beneath the Snow," by Henry Bordeaux, author of "The Parting of the Ways," "The Woolen Dress," etc.; "Golden," by H.

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C. Chatfield Taylor; "The Correspondence of Goldwin Smith," collected and edited by his literary executor, Arnold Haultain; "Westminster Abbey," by Helen Marshall Pratt, author of "Cathedral Churches of England;" "India," by Pierre Loti, and "Girls and Boys," by Anatole France and Boutet de Monvel.

Among the fall books on the list of Houghton Mifflin Company, in addition to "Otherwise Phyllis," by Meredith Nicholson, and other volumes previously referred to, are "Letters and Recollections of Alexander Agassiz with a Sketch of His Work and Life," by George R. Agassiz; "The Nation and the Empire," by Lord Milner; "The Quest of the Fish-Dog Skin," by James Willard Schultz, author of "With the Indians in the Rockies;" "A Scout of Today," by Isabel Hornibrook; "The Russian Ballet," text by A. E. Johnson and illustrations by Rene Bull; Hawthorne's "The House of the Seven Gables," new, illustrated visitor's edition; "Mont St. Michel and Chartres," by Henry Adams, with an introduction by Ralph Adams Cram; "The Poems of Joseph Beaumont," a seventh century divine, published from a manuscript loaned by Prof. George H. Palmer to Wellesley College, where it was transcribed and edited with notes and introductions by Eloise Rob-

inson under the direction of Prof. Katharine Lee Bates; "Washington's Farewell Address," the latest addition to the Riverside Press series; "The Religious Revolution," by James T. Shotwell; "The Housekeeper's Handy Book," by Lucia Millet Baxter; "Representative Cities of the United States: a Geographical and Industrial Reader for Grammar Schools," by Caroline W. Hotchkiss, instructor in the Horace Mann School, Teachers College, New York. A third edition is announced of Henry Sydnor Harrison's novel, "V. V.'s Eyes," and a second edition of Frances N. S. Allen's novel, "The Invaders."

Elizabeth Dejeans, who wrote the recently published novel "The House of Thane," has left New York for a three months' stay in Japan. Mrs. Dejeans is an experienced traveler. Her father, Capt. L. L. Janes, was an army officer, so she began her journeyings early. She had the unique privilege of a girlhood passed in the interior of Japan, entirely among the Japanese, and still speaks the language with facility. She has also lived in China and India, and knows England almost as well as her own country.

The story of how two artists competing for a great prize and using the same model painted two entirely different interpretations of the girl's character—one true and the other false—is told in "The Man Who Saw Wrong," by Jacob Fisher, author of "The Cradle of the Deep," to be published by the John C. Winston Company in the fall.

A shabby, much-thumbed copy of Mary Johnston's story "To Have and to Hold," is among the relics of the ill-fated Scott expedition now on exhibition in London. It is a strange coincidence that the book, when it was found in Capt. Scott's tent, lay open at the chapter, "We Go Out Into the Night."

Mrs. Humphrey Ward is spending a great part of the summer at Stocks, her country home near Tring. Its formal parterres and terraces, where the poet Waller and in later days Sir Walter Scott often walked, may have suggested the gardens described in "The Coryston Family," Mrs. Ward's new novel now appearing serially in Harper's Magazine.

A new book on medicine by Sir William Osler, M. D., is announced by the Yale University Press for the fall. It is entitled "The Evolution of Modern Medicine," and will make its appeal primarily to the lay reader. The author's purpose has been to trace the evolution of medicine from the earliest times to the present day, marking the progress of medical science by an account of its great discoveries. The book is illustrated with about 150 plates, landscapes, portraits, and reproductions of landscapes, and portraits and title pages from rare medical books, as well as the more technical subjects, such as skeletons, diagrams of circulation, etc. Many of the illustrations have never before been reproduced, and several have been chosen from the Hope Portrait Collection of Oxford University and the Royal College of Physicians, London.

A new novel by Frank H. Spearman, entitled "Merrile Dawes," will be published shortly by Charles Scribner's Sons. One of the principal events described in the book is a Wall Street panic.

The best testimony to "Paul et Virginie" is that it can be read still in spite of its absurdities. . . . "Paul et Virginie" survives as a book because of the vividness with which Bernardin de Saint-Pierre sees nature and makes us see it," observes a London critic. We read pages and are spirited away into his intense and glowing landscapes as surely as if we were looking at a picture by Gauguin. The method of the two is different. Bernardin de Saint-Pierre does not lead us behind the veil, like Gauguin, and disclose the inner soul of a primitive life. He looks only at external objects and sees them

under the aspect of color. Colors, radiant and exotic—the blues and scarlets, oranges and purples of the tropical scene—stand out with tropic distinctness or bathe in a misty shimmer as the hours change. It has been said that Bernardin de Saint-Pierre could see green in a sky—a Paris sky—where Rousseau had only seen blue. At any rate, the amorous precision with which he maps his color scheme, or enumerates his strange-sounding plants—"goyaviers, jacqs, et jamroses"—mark him as belonging to a later century.

The authorized translation of Strindberg's novel, "By the Open Sea," will be published by B. W. Huebsch this month. Mr. Huebsch also announces that he will publish Hauptmann's "Gabriel Schilling's Flucht," the play which was suppressed by order of the German Crown Prince, in one of the later volumes of the Huebsch edition of Hauptmann's Dramas. Vols. I. and II. of the latter have been published. The third volume is in preparation. The publication in England of a new translation of Sudermann's "The Song of Songs," does not supplant the unabridged translation published by B. W. Huebsch, but is intended for circulation in England only.

When Miss Mary E. Waller published "My Ragpicker," she made herself a promise to set aside the profits from the first 20,000 as a contribution toward founding a hospital for Nantucket. Now the inhabitants have collected a fund large enough to buy a building and are planning to hold a fair to equip it. Miss Waller has written a short story to be sold exclusively for the hospital's benefit.

Miss Isabel Hornibrook's "A Scout of Today," to be published by Houghton Mifflin Company, will give the American Boy Scouts the words and music of a new song which they are expected to sing as they tramp along the New England coast, the scene planned for their next expedition.

Louis Joseph Vance, author of "The Day of Days," has just returned from his European travels, bringing with him his new novel, "Joan Thursday," to his publishers, Little, Brown & Co. He is passing the summer at Provincetown, where his artist wife is studying in one of the summer art classes.

Two books about the Irish, "The Higher Side of Irish Life" and "The Humorous Irish," both by the same author, George A. Birmingham, are on Frederick A. Stokes & Co.'s list. Other new books on the Stokes' list are "The Maxims of Noah," a companion book to "The Maxims of Methuselah," "The Story of Evangeline," by Clayton Edwards, the full story of Longfellow's poem, a prose version, with a life of the poet; "Many Cargoes," by W. W. Jacobs, a new gift edition of the book with colored illustrations by Maurice Greiffenhagen; "Anne, Actress," by Juliet G. Sager; "Wanderfoot," formerly announced as "The Dream Ship," by Cynthia Stockley, and "The Heart of the Desert," by Honore Willistie.

The author of "Safety: Methods for Preventing Occupational and Other Accidents and Disease," Dr. William H. Tolman, has pointed out the success which certain important foreign firms have attained in reducing accidents through the introduction of canteens in their establishments. "The more the wise capitalist can cut down the consumption of alcohol," he says, "the less will be his accident rate and the larger the health of his personnel." It has been noted that when coffee, seltzer, lemonade, syrups, and beer are dispensed about a manufacturing plant a great reduction follows in the number of casualties.

William Dean Howells has been passing the summer in Europe, and expects to remain abroad until the autumn. It is rumored that Mr. Howells' next book will be a volume of travels.

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Stocks & Bonds

This week has witnessed the resumption of activities on a broader scale than has been seen of late on the local stock exchange, although, of course, the volume of business is still none too large. Speculative interest appears to be waxing, and predictions are that in several weeks marked improvement will be shown. So far as the general situation is concerned, certain factors, such as damage to crops, disturbances in Mexico and still unsettled conditions in the Balkans, may have to be reckoned with, but indications are that none of these adverse influences is so serious as was believed earlier in the week. Crop damage may, in the end, prove the most potent of the three.

Union Oil continues to be the center of interest locally, but its position in this respect is beginning to be overshadowed by the attention attracted by the weakness in the issues of the holding companies—Union Provident and United Petroleum. Although traded in to a less extent these stocks have shown a little greater decline recently than Union Oil itself. There is good reason to believe that this condition is largely the result of rumors concerning the likelihood of an assessment on General Petroleum stock, which may have given rise to the belief that the latter will have difficulty in consummating the deal for the control. Of course, if the deal failed Union Provident and United Petroleum stock would be worth but little, if any, more than Union Oil. Eugene de Sabla, president of General Petroleum, in San Francisco last week, denied the likelihood of an immediate assessment on the stock, and stated that for the present the company had other means of raising money.

Union Oil made a new "low" this week, falling below \$55. The decline to this figure began a week ago. Provident sold as low as \$64, and United Petroleum has shown similar weakness. The latter part of last week these stocks sold at \$71.

Maricopa Northern has given quite an exhibition of strength, owing to the fact that development of the company's property is planned. Amalgamated is a trifle weaker. Associated shows little change. National Pacific is easier. California Midway has revealed a tendency toward strength. There have been a few sales of issues which have attracted little interest for several months past.

Several Union Oil bonds sold on the exchange this week. They are held strong. There have been scattered sales in the industrial list—Edison Electric preferred, Consolidated Realty, Los Angeles Investment and Producers Transportation. Bank stocks have been rather quiet; First National, however, attracts favorable attention now and then.

Provisions which have been made by the government for crop-moving have tended to relieve the money situation. Although the currency and tariff measures are still an influence, the changes which they will effect have been pretty well discounted.

Banks and Banking

Second annual convention of the Investment Bankers' Association of America will be held October 28, 29 and 30

next at the Blackstone Hotel, Chicago. This will be the largest gathering of investment bankers ever held, and representatives from about 500 of the leading investment banking-houses in the United States and Canada will attend. The seventy-five houses that comprise the Chicago membership in the association are making elaborate plans for this year's meeting. The convention will extend over three days, ending with a banquet at the Congress Hotel. The committee expects to announce within a few days the program which is being perfected. Several of the leading financial men of the country have been secured to address the various sessions of the convention, and comprehensive plans for the entertainment of the delegates are in preparation. Unusual interest attaches to the coming convention, inasmuch as the Investment Bankers Association will have ended the first year of its existence. The association completed its organization in New York City a year ago, and has already become well known in America and Europe. Its prime purpose of organization is the betterment of investment banking conditions, with particular attention to these as they exist in the various states.

Bankers from Pacific coast cities gathered at the treasury department, Washington, recently, to outline their needs for participation in the \$50,000,000 government deposits about to be distributed in the crop-moving states. Secretary McAdoo made it plain that while the funds are to be placed only with banks in the larger cities, it was with the express stipulation that they would look after the needs of the small banks. A long discussion of the administration currency bill took place. Treasury officials said the bankers expressed themselves as being in accord with the federal control board plan, but suggested changes in the reserve features. Among those present were: Stoddard Jess, Los Angeles, James K. Lynch, San Francisco; E. A. Wyld, Portland, Ore.; Daniel Kelleher, Seattle, and Charles A. McLean, Spokane. The bankers told Secretary McAdoo that announcement of his intention to make the deposits had delayed a feeling of unrest on the Pacific coast and prevented what might have become a serious financial situation. The general sentiment was voted by Stoddard Jess of Los Angeles. The announcement, he said, had restored confidence and created a decidedly hopeful and optimistic sentiment. Bankers from other western cities corroborated Mr. Jess, and expressed the belief that his announcement had made it unnecessary for that section to receive as much government aid as would have been needed had the announcement been delayed even two weeks. Later the bankers were addressed by Senator Owen, who outlined the features of the administration currency bill.

Few people outside of national banks have been able to understand the purpose of a new item which has been placed on the reports made to the controller of the currency under the head of "Securities purchased with agreement to sell," and "Securities sold with agreement to repurchase." It was suggested by a former official of the department that the new entry was made in connection with Secretary Mc-

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Adoo's offer to deposit \$50,000,000 of government funds with western banks. A country bank may have \$200,000 worth of bonds on which it desires to raise money from a metropolitan bank. Instead of making a loan to the extent of 80 per cent. of the market value of the bonds and putting them up with the larger institution as collateral, the country bank, which wishes to keep its bonds for their investment return, sells them at their full market or par value and at the same time executes an agreement to repurchase them at the end of a certain period at an advance to cover interest. The money so obtained has not been included among loans. In other cases a bank which wants government bonds for use in securing circulation or deposits has been known to buy them from other institutions with an agreement to sell them back at the end of the term agreed upon.

First National Bank of Boston finds that in the last month, and especially in the last ten days, a better business sentiment has been developing throughout the United States. In New England manufacturers and merchants are looking less pessimistically upon conditions. The change in that section, however, represents a betterment of sentiment only and is not yet supported by actual improvement in results. On the whole the volume of business in the aggregate is, if anything, slightly less than a month ago. Trade continues on a quick delivery, small order basis, with stocks on hand at a minimum. It is this fact which is encouraging the manufacturers to believe that the time is close at hand when consumptive demand will force an increase in the volume of business.

Stock and Bond Briefs

Kuhn, Loeb & Co., managers for the international syndicate formed to underwrite the sale of the Union Pacific Railroad's \$88,357,000 in Southern Pacific stock announce that total subscriptions received up to the closing of the books amounted to \$220,000,000, or two and one-half times the amount of stock. Accordingly allotments are being made on the basis of 40 per cent of the sums asked for.

Board of supervisors will receive bids up to 2 p. m. September 8 for the purchase of Jefferson school district bonds of \$10,000 and Glendale union high school bonds of \$100,000. Bonds are of \$1000 each, bearing 5%.

Long Beach will vote September 17 on an issue of \$150,000 for a public auditorium, and September 20 on an issue of \$400,000 for a concrete pier.

Santa Barbara has set September 10 as the date of the special water bond election of \$120,000.

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Here are the rules of the league for the prevention of accidents:

Never cross a street without looking in both directions.

Never get on or off a moving car.

Never underestimate the speed of an approaching vehicle — better wait a minute than spend weeks in the hospital.

Never cross behind a car without assuring yourself that there is not another coming in the opposite direction.

Never stand on the steps.

Never let your children play in the streets.

Never get off backwards.

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DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.
July 11, 1913.

019293 Not coal lands.
NOTICE is hereby given that George Washington Haight, whose post-office address is 1686 W. Adams street, Los Angeles, California, did, on the 7th day of July, 1913, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 019293, to purchase the NW¼NE¼, Section 8, Township 1 South, Range 18 West, S. B. Meridian, and the stone thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisal, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and the stone thereon have been appraised at \$100.00 (see 015939), the stone estimated at \$60.00 and the land \$40.00; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 25th day of September, 1913, before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, at Los Angeles, California.

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